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LYRA HELLENICA:

OR,

TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGES FROM BRITISH POETS

INTO

VARIOUS KINDS OF GREEK VERSE.

BY

1702
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COUNCIL, AND ONE OF THE CLASSICAL EXAMINERS, OF THE COLLEGE
OF PRECEPTORS OF ENGLAND; AUTHOR OF THE
EXERCITATIONES IAMBICÆ, ETC.

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To William Stebbins
from his affectionate brother
H. L. S.
Rottineau
May 16th 1852.

PR
1179
G7H8

TO THE
Principal, Patrons, and Professors

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED AS AN

Offering of Gratitude,

BY

E. R. HUMPHREYS.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following Volume contains my own translations of most of the passages given as Exercises in the "*Exercitationes Iambicæ*," together with several other pieces, not yet published.

The Work is unaspiring in its nature, and chiefly intended for private circulation; nor do I doubt that *severe* criticism will detect many faults; but when I state that nearly all the pieces were composed at a time during which scholastic duties occupied me closely *more than twelve hours a-day*, these may perhaps be viewed with a more indulgent eye.

I do not seek for either fame or profit by the publication, but simply to encourage *by example* the youth of SCOTLAND in the study of GREEK COMPOSITION. If the Work promote that end, its writer will be more than content.

SALISBURY HOUSE,
January 1, 1852.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO V.—Beginning—

Call it not vain ! They do not err
 Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks in deeper groan reply.
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.
 Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things inanimate can mourn :
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the Poet's faithful song,
 And with the Poet's parting breath,
 Whose memory feels a second death.
 The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Φύσις μὲν αὐτῇ, μὴ τὸδ' ἐν κενοῖς λόγοις
 θίσσθαι νόμιζε, δυσμύρῳ πληγῆς ἄλγαι,
 τῶν νιν σεξεντῶν κάρτα ποιητῶν ὅν' ἄν
 θάνατος ἔλῃ, κλαυτοῖσιν ἐν κτερίσμασι
 τιμᾷ πρεπόντως· ἄντρα δ' ὑψηλαί τ' ἄκραι
 θρηνοῦσι τὸν θανόντα γ'. ὥσαύτως δ' ὕρως
 ῥέϊθροις ἔκαστον ἀργυροῖς ὀδύρεται·
 ἄνθη δ' ἀνίησ' ἡδὲ ἐυωδοῖς ὀπύει·
 πιναι δὲ φύλῃ' ὑψηλὰ σείουσαι ναπῶν
 φωνὴν βαρεῖαν ἐξεγείρουσιν ὀρῶν.
 Ποταμοὶ δὲ κῆδος ἐγγύς ἀΐσσοντες τάρου
 οἰκτρὸν ποιοῦνται. Ταῦτά γ' ἴσθ' ἄψυχ' ὅμως
 ὧς οὐκ ἀληθῶς πενθίμοις θρηνεῖ γόοις·
 ἀνδρῶν δὲ μᾶλλον, ὧντινων μοῖραν πάρα
 μνήμην αἰδοῖς μέλεισιν ἐντίμοις μακρὰν
 τείνας, τοτ' αὖτε δυσκλῆϊ λήθη πάλιν
 θανὼν ἔμιξε, τῶνδ' εὐμφωνεῖν γόοις
 νόμιζε ῥέϊθρα κἀνέμους ὀρῶας τ' ἄκρους.
 τοίγαρ στένουσι παρθένων οἰκτρὰ σκιά
 θοὴν ἐραστῶν λήσσειν, εὐωδῶν βάτων
 ὀροσφ' ῥέϊθρων τε ἑυμυμῖν τεύχεος βραχὺ
 τὸ τοῦ θανόντος σεξομεναι. κλαίοντα δὲ
 πανώλεθρον φαντάσματ' αἰχμητῶν κλέει,

From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.
The phantom-knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead :
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain !
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die.
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill :—
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

ὅπου ποτ' ἀνδρὰς φοινίῃ ξιφῶν κρύπτει
 ἀνηξίμους ἔκοψαν, ὀξείας ῥοῆς
 ὀξυρῇ βιαία πνευμάτων φοροῦμενα
 πύμπλησι πεδίον. Τοιγάρ οὖν ὁπαόνων
 μολπαῖς ἐκόντων πολὺ δὲ τοῖς πάλαι χροίοις
 ἀνακτῆς ἀνεθέεντες, ἐκ λόφων τανῶν
 ἐστῶτες ἄκρων, τῆς πάρος ὀόξης, ἵνα
 τὸ πρόσθεν αὐτοὶ παντελῆ μοναρχίαν
 ἐνείμαν, ἵχνη λοιπὰ διηρῶνται μάτην.
 τάρφον μὲν αὐτῶν δυστέχμαστον οὐκέτι
 σῆμ' οὐδὲν ἐκδείκνυσιν, ὅχεται δ' ἅμα
 ἄμνηστον ὄνομα καὶ διόρων τῶν πρὶν σέξας.
 ἀνθ' ὧν στεναγμοῦς ἄντρα γ' ἀντηχεῖτο βαρεῖς
 καὶ ῥέϊδ' ἀφορμᾷ δάκρυα. Πᾶς τις οὖν γέ τοι
 ἀνώλυμον καὶ ὀλοὸν ἐχθαίρων τύχην
 λύβας ἔκατι τὸν νεκρὸν πιεῖται στένει.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO VI.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my Native Land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go! mark him well!
 For him no minstrel raptures swell:
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down,
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!
 O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood—
 Land of my Sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand?
 Still, as I view each well known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy streams and woods were left;
 And thus I love them better still
 Even in extremity of ill.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Ἦρ' εἰς τοσόνδ' ἄνους τις ἄνθρωπός γ' ἔφυ,
 ὥστ' ἐντὸς αὐτοῦ μὴ λογίζεσθαι ποτε,
 Ἦδ' ἐστὶ μοι γῆ πάτρις, — ὅς ῥ' ἐν ἡς ἄπο
 πόδας πλανήτας νοστήμῳ τρέπων ὁδῶ
 μήποτε πρὸς οἶκον ἐκτεθίξιμανται κέαρ;
 κείνου γ' ἑκάτι, τοῦτ' ἐπίστασ', οὐνεκα
 οὐδείς λύβραν ἀοιδὸς ἐντιμον κρέκει.
 ὁ γὰρ, παλαιαῖς γαυρῶν τήμαισί περ
 σωρούς τ' ἀμείπτους χρομάτων κεκτημένος
 ὀνομά τ' ἀγαθὸν, εὖτος, ἴσθ', ὅμως μόνον
 σπένδσας τὰ γ' αὐτοῦ, ζῶν μὲν αἰδοῖοις κλεους
 ἄμμορος ἔσται, δῖπτυχον δ' αἰδοῖς θανάων
 θάνατον κάκιστα πείσεται, μάλιστα δὲ
 ἐξ ἧς τάλας πέφυκε, σύμφυτος κώνει,
 αἴσῃς ἀκλάνστου κἀλλύρου πρὸς τεύξεται.
 Ἄλλ' ὦ Καλέθονις οὔσα κάξτ' ἀνήμερος,
 δέσποιν' ὄρῳν ἐρίδων τε, καὶ πυκνοῖς ναπῶν
 βρύουσα φύλλοις, καππίσημος ἀγρία
 ἀνθεσιν ἐρείκης, ὅσσην εἴ καταξία
 τρέψειν ἀοιδῶν κλεινὸν εὐλύβων γένος.
 ὦ γῆ πατρίδα, τίς με τραχείας χυθιός
 τῆς σῆς θυναῖτ' ἄν, φιλτάτης πασῶν πολύ,
 ἀφελκύσαι πίτ'; ἀθλίως δὲ χαρμάτων
 πάντων ἔρημος, ἥνικ' ἄν τὰ γ' ὕντα νῦν
 ἀδρῶν καλοῖσι τοῖς πάροιδε συντιθῶ,
 λοιποὺς κατίσχειν οὐδαμῶς δοκῶ φίλους
 πλὴν σῶν ναπῶν ἐρίδων τε· τοιγαρῶν πρόσσω
 κακῶν παρῆκων καὶ πρὸς ἔσχατον τέλος,
 ἔγωγε κεῖνα μάλλον ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλῳ.

PASSAGE FROM THE "BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

CANTO II. STANZA 27.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale ;
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late—
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the Hall and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale !
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill :
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all !
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Sufficed to kill !
 Burst forth in one wild cry and all was still !
 Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave !
 Ah ! happy, but of life to lose the worst !
 That grief, though deep, though fatal, was thy first !
 Thrice happy ! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse !

PASSAGE FROM THE "BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

TRANSLATED IN IMITATION OF THE CHORUS IN THE
AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.—Line 960.

Ὁξέως περιστάνει
ζυμμιγῶν τοῖς γόοις
γηρῶν ἐπὶ Δάλασσαν Ἑλλήης·
κλᾶσμα κορῶν, χλοερὸν ὅς ποτε ἀνδρῶν.
ἔξινος ὦ Γαφείριον
Σουλίκη μόνον, σὲ δ' οὖν
οὐποδ' ὕστερος ἦκων
σὸς ὀψεται γε νύμφιος· σαφεῖ
φαίνει τὰ τοῦ πότμου γόοις
σῶν κορῶν, ἰερὸν δ' ἔπος
παγκρατὴ λίσσον τύχην,
δοῦλία δ' ἀφωνία.

Χθὼν βοᾷ στόνοις στέγαι τ'
ἀλλὰ Σηλίμου σφαγὰς
σοῦ λάθρα γ' ἐπ' ἐξέδοις ἀθύρῃ
χερὶ φοῖα τέλει· οἰχομένας δὲ σὺν ἀντρί
πρῶτοκοῦσ' ἄμ' ἐλπίδας
καὶ τὰ πάντα γ', ἐκ μιᾶς
καρδία σέθεν ἤχῃς
διαρραγέεισ' ἐπαύσατ' εἰς αἶε.
ὦ τρισμάκαιρα παρθένος
κατθανούσα, βίου κακῶν
αἰνὰ μὲν σὲ πρῶτα δ' ἐξ-
εἴλ' ὅχην μόρω βραχέϊ.
Ὀδυῶν δ' ἀγνῶς κίεα ὅξυ ὀακνουσῶν
ἀοιγὰς τ' ὀλβίλει γ', ἅς κακία τ'

And oh ! that pang where more than madness lies
 The worm that will not sleep and never dies !
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
 That dreads the darkness and yet loathes the light,
 That winds around and sears the quivering heart !
 Ah ! wherefore not consume it and depart ?
 Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief !

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread ;
 By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled !
 Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief :
 Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
 She whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,
 Thy daughter's dead !

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
 The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
 What quenched its ray ?—The blood that thou hast shed !—
 Hark to the hurried question of Despair !
 “ Where is my child ? ”—an echo answers—“ Where ? ”

αἰδῶς τε βροτοῖσι φυτεύει·
 τοῦ δὲ πλεον μανίας
 ὀήγμασιν ἀκαμάτοις
 σκώληκος ἦσθ' ἀπαθῆς ἀνιῶντος.
 φῶς ὅθ' ἡμέρας φρένες
 νύκτα τ' ἔξ' ἴσης κνεφαί-
 αν στρυγούσ' ἀμήχανοι,
 καὶ κενύουσιν ἐκ πόνων
 οὐ τελεσφόρων φυγῇν
 ἥλπισαν νέων δ' αἰεί.
 ᾧ' ναῖς, ἀλλὰ σοὶ οὐκ ὄφελος κόνις ἐστί σάκος θ', ὅς
 ἀπήνεσιν "Αἰῶν
 Σήλιμόν θ' ἔλξῃ σφαγαῖς.
 Σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀμυχή πώγωνος ἀρῆγει·
 θυγατὴρ γὰρ σοὶ νύμφη βασίλειος
 ἀπὸ λῶλ' Ὀσμῆνος ἀνυμφοῖ·
 καὶ γὰρ ἂν αὐτίκ' ἰδῶν
 τοῖον ἔλοιτο γάμον,
 τῆς σῆς ἄγαλμα φρενὸς προτιμῶν γ·.
 τίς δὲ σὴν παρὰ ψυχὴν
 γηγῶσσκον, ἄστρον ᾧς
 φωτὶ χρίματος κνέφας
 θάλατον ἐκπρεπεῖ, χθονὸς
 χάριμα τῆςδε, τίς ποτ' οὔν
 ἔσσεισ' ; οὐχὶ σὸς φόνος ;
 ποῦ μοι, ποῦ τέκνον ἐστί ; ὁὐσέλιπτις ἀτυζόμενός τ·
 φρένας μάλα κρᾶζεις,
 ποῦ δ' ; ἀμείβεται ναποῖς.

N. B.—In imitation of Dindorf's text, except that in the first line
 of the second antistrophe, I have substituted an anapaestic line to
 correspond with the strophe.

E. R. H.

CHRISTIANITY CONSISTENT WITH THE LOVE OF FREEDOM.

ROBERT HALL'S WORKS, p. 153.

AN attention to the political aspect of the world is not now the fruit of an idle curiosity, or the amusement of a dissipated and frivolous mind, but is awakened and kept alive by occurrences as various as they are extraordinary. There are times when the moral world seems to stand still; there are others when it seems impelled towards its goal with an accelerated force. The present is a period more interesting, perhaps, than any which has been known in the whole flight of time. The scenes of Providence thicken upon us so fast, and are shifted with so strange a rapidity, as if the great drama of the world were drawing to a close. Events have taken place of late, and revolutions have been effected, which, had they been foretold a very few years ago, would have been viewed as visionary and extravagant; and their influence is yet far from being spent. Europe never presented such a spectacle before, and it is worthy of being contemplated with the profoundest attention by all its inhabitants. The empire of darkness and despotism has been smitten with a stroke which has sounded through the universe. When we see whole kingdoms, after reposing for centuries on the lap of their rulers, start from their

CHRISTIANITY CONSISTENT WITH THE LOVE OF FREEDOM.

TURNED INTO GREEK PROSE.

"Ἦδη μὲν περὶ τὰ ἐν ἀνθρώποις πολιτικά οὐ σπουδάζουσιν αἱ κενεαὶ πολυπραγμονοῦντες· οὐδὲ οἱ ἐπὶ ποιητῆς τε καὶ φιλομαξίας διώκοντες ἡθονάζ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἅπαντας ἀνακινεῖντα διατελεῖ τὰ οὕτω ποιήματα τε καὶ ὑπερφυᾶ γενόμενα. ἔστιν ὅτε προκόπτοντες ἐπὶ τὸ καλὸν οἱ ἀνθρώποι παύσθαι δοκοῦσιν· ἔστι δὲ ὅτε πρόσω βιάζεσθαι πρὸς τὸ τίμα Δάττονι δόρυ· ἀλλὰ τῶν ἥδη παρελθόντων χρόνων οὐθενὶ ὅτῳ οὐ μᾶλλον οἴσμαι οἷον προσέχριν ἢ τῷ νῦν· ὁμοίως γάρ· ὅσπερ ἂν εἰ τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων δόγμα τίλος εἴχῃ, ταχέως μὲν σιγάγεται εἰς ἡμᾶς τὰ παρὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ, ὑπερφυῶς δὲ ὡς μεθ' ὁσμῆς ἀλλοιοῦται. καὶ μὴν τὰ ἀγρίως γενόμενα καὶ τὰ ἥδη νεώτερα, εἰ ἐντὸς οὐ πολλοῦ χρόνου προδύλεχθη, πάνυ ὀλῆ ἄτοπα καὶ περιττὰ ἔδοξεν ἂν, οὐδὲ ἔτι καὶ νῦν λείπεται τῆς πρὸ τοῦ δουλείας. Ἀλλὰ οὐδέποτε ἐν τῷ πρὶν γὰρ χρόνῳ ὥδε ἔσχῃ τὰ τῆς Ευρωπῆς, τὰ δὲ νῦν πᾶσι τοῖς ἐνοικοῦσιν ἄξιά ἐστὶ τὸν νοῦν ἐπιμελέστατα προσέχριν· ἡ γὰρ τοῦ σκότους καὶ τῆς δεσποτείας βασιλεία οὕτω σφίδρα ἐτύπη ὥστε αὐτὴν τὴν ἡχῶ πᾶσαν γῆν κατασχεῖν. Καὶ τίς ἰδὼν μὲν ἐθνη ὅλα τὰ ἐν κόλποις τῶν κρατησάτων ἀναρίθμητα ἔτη ἀναπαυθέντα ἀφ' ὕπνου ἐξιστάμενα, ἀνθρώπους δὲ ἐκ ταπεινῶν ὀρθοῦς γιγισμένους, τοὺς δὲ τυράννευοντας ἐξέμοντας, τίς οὖν ἂν γίνοιτο πάνυ ἀμήλῃς, τίς οὐκ ἂν

slumber—the dignity of man rising up from depression, and tyrants trembling on their thrones,—who can remain entirely indifferent, or fail to turn his eye towards a theatre so august and extraordinary? These are a kind of throes and struggles of nature to which it would be a sullenness to refuse our sympathy. Old foundations are breaking up; new edifices are rearing. Institutions which have been long held in veneration as the most sublime refinements of human wisdom and policy—which age hath cemented and confirmed—which power hath supported—which eloquence hath conspired to embellish, and opulence to enrich—are fast falling into decay. New prospects are opening on every side, of such amazing variety and extent, as to stretch farther than the eye of the most enlightened observer can reach.

Some beneficial effects appear to have taken place already, sufficient to nourish our most sanguine hope of benefits much more extensive. The mischief and folly of wars begin to be understood, and that mild and liberal system of policy adopted, which has ever indeed been the object of prayer to the humane and the devout, but has hitherto remained utterly unknown in the cabinets of princes. As the mind naturally yields to the impression of objects which it contemplates often, we need not wonder, if, amidst events so extraordinary, the human character itself should appear to be altering and improving apace. That fond attachment to ancient institutions, and blind submission to opinions already received, which has ever checked the growth of improvement, and drawn on the greatest benefactors of mankind danger or

τρεῖς αἶτι τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς πρὸς τὸ οὕτω σεμνὸν καὶ ὑπερφυῖς Ἰεατρον ; τίς δὲ, μὴ ἐθέλων ἐπὶ τοιαύταις φύσεως ὀδύνας καὶ ἀγωνίαις ἔλσος ποιεῖσθαι, οὐκ ἂν ὁρῶς νομίζοιτο σκυθρωπὸς τις εἶναι ; οἱ μὲν πάσαι Ἰε-
μήλιοι ἐξανίστανται, νία δὲ οἰκοδομήματα ἀνεγείρεται ἅ δὲ πάσαι δόξαν
ἔχει ὡς οὐ πορξώτρω προῆλθεν ἡ τῶν ἀνθρώπων σοφία τε καὶ βουλή, ἃ ἡ
παλαιότης συναρμόσασα ἐξελαίωσεν, ἃ οἱ δυνατοὶ ἀνέσχον, ἃ οἱ μὲν λεί-
γοντες λόγοις ἐκόσμησαν, οἱ δὲ ἔχοντες πλούτῳ, πάντα ταῦτα νῦν ταχέως
ἀρσάνιζται. ἥδη δὲ ποικιλώτερά τε καὶ εὐρύτερα ἐγένετο ἢ ὥστε τὸν
βέλτιστα βλῆποντα ἐφικέσθαι.

Ἀπὸ τούτων τοῖνυν τοιαῦται ἥδη ἐξέζησαν ὀφίλειαι ὥστε τὰς ὡς βί-
βαιοτάτας τῶν μελλουσῶν ἐλπίδας αὐξάνειν τήν τε γὰρ ἐκ πολέμων
βλάβην καὶ ἀφροσύνην ἀρξάμενοι οἱ ἄνθρωποι αἰσθάνεσθαι ἐποταί εἰσιν,
ἡπιωτέρας ταῖς βουλαῖς καὶ ἐλευθεριωτάταις χρεῶνται, ὅπερ αἰ μὲν
ἠῶξαντο οἱ φιλόανθρωποι τε καὶ εὐσεβεῖς, οἱ δὲ τῶν ἀρχόντων σύμβουλοι
οὐδέποτε ἐν οὐδενὶ ἐποιήσαντο λόγῳ οὐδὲ μὴν, τὰ γὰρ πολλάκις θεωρού-
μενα εἰκότως τῆς ψυχῆς καθικνεῖται, θαυμαστὸν δὲ ποιῶν ὅτι ἐχόντων
οὕτω περιττῶς παραγμάτων τὰ ἀνθρώπινα ἥδη μετέστασιν λαμβάνοντα
φαίνεται καὶ ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον ἐπιθιδόντα. τὸ γὰρ ἄγαν περὶ ἀρχαῖα νό-
μιμα σπουδάζειν καὶ τὸ ἀλόγως σαῖς πάσαι δόξαις προσκείμεναι, ὅπερ ὅη
αἰ μὲν σοῖς ἐθέλουσιν ἐμποδὼν ἦν μὴ οὐκ εἴ ποτε χωρὶς τοῖς δὲ ἐπὶ τὸ
πλεῖστον τοὺς ἀνθρώπους εὐεργετήσασιν ἐπήγαγεν ἢ κίνδυνον ἢ ὀλιγωρίαν,
ταῦτα νῦν μεθίσταται εἰς τὸ πολυμηρῶς τε καὶ ἀδεῶς ἐξετάζειν. Διοκῶσι
γὰρ πάντες μᾶλλον ὁρθεύσθαι τε καὶ ἐλεύθεροι γίγνεσθαι καὶ πλεῖον μὲν
αὐτοῖς ἦττον δὲ ἐτίροις ἐπερείδονται, μείζον δὲ καὶ συνειδότες αὐτοῖς ἀξίαν

neglect, is giving way to a spirit of bold and fearless investigation. Man seems to be becoming more erect and independent. He leans more on himself, less on his fellow-creatures. He begins to feel a consciousness in a higher degree of personal dignity, and is less enamoured of artificial distinctions. There is some hope of our beholding that simplicity and energy of character which marks his natural state, blended with the humanity, the elegance, and the improvement of polished society.

τιὰ φυσικὴν ἦττον διὰ ἔξωτος ἔχουσι διαφορὰς τὰς σκευαστάς. ἔξ ὧν
 ἐλπίς τις γίγνεται συγκεκρυμμένα ἰδεῖν τοῖς τε φιλοκόλοις καὶ εὐχάρισι
 καὶ ἀστεῖοις τῶν νῦν τρόποις τὰ παρὰ φύσεως ἀπλᾶ τε καὶ ὀρυστήρια
 ἡθῆ.

HORACE, EPISTLES.

B. I. Ep. 14.

Villice silvarum et mihi me reddentis agelli,
 Quem tu fastidis, habitatum quinque focis, et
 Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere patres ;
 Certemus, spinas animone ego fortius, an tu
 Evellas agro ; et melior sit Horatius, an res.
 Me quamvis Lamizæ pictas et cura moratur,
 Fratrem mœrentis, raptò de fratre dolentis
 Insolabiliter ; tamen istuc mens animusque
 Fert, et amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
 Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum :
 Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors.
 Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur inique ;
 In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.
 Tu mediastinus tacita prece rura petebas ;
 Nunc urbem et ludos et balnea villicus optas :
 Me constare mihi scis, et discedere tristem,

HORACE, EPISTLES, B. I. Ep. 14.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK HEXAMETERS.

Χωριδίου ἐπίουρ', ἐνθ' αἰεὶ γίγνομ' ἐμεῖο,
 ἀλλὰ σὺ θυμὸν ἀσᾶ, πένθ' ἰστίῃσιν ἐνείκου,
 πέντε δὲ καὶ πατέρους Βαρίης ἀγορήνδ' διδόντος—
 νῦν ἐριθαινόμεν, πότερ' οὖν ὅτ' κρείσσον ἀκάνθα;
 Ὀυμοξόρους ἄρ' ἔγωγ' ἤπερ σὺ γε τὰς ἀπὸ γαίης
 ἐκτὶ λ. λ. πότερ' ἐστὶν Ὀξάτιος ἢ καὶ ἄρουρα
 βέλ. τιον. ἀλλ' ἐμὲ περ Λαμίου σὺν πένθεσι μικτόν,
 τεθνηῶν' ὀδύνησι δυσιάτοισιν ἀδελφόν
 κοπτομένον, καὶ νῦν μ' ἔλκει φρενὸς ἱμερὸς αἰπὺς
 πρὸς σ' ἀπὸ βαλ. εἰδὼν μάλα ὅτ' μεμαῶτα φέρεσθαι.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ ναίοντ' ἀγροῦς, σὺ δὲ καὶ τὸν ἐν ἄστει
 ὀλ. εἰζέεις· μοῖραν δ' ἐτέρου, ἴσθ', ἣν τις ἐπαινή,
 αὐτὸς ἐὴν στύγει· ἀλλ' ὥδ' ἀδίκους ἐπέεσσι
 μωροὶ ἀμωμήτους χῶρας ὀνοτάζομεν ἄμφο.
 αἵτιός ἐστί νυ θυμὸς, ὃς οὐκ ἀλλεῖναι ἔ' αὐτόν.
 εὐχόμενος δὲ ποτ', ἄστει νέμων, χωρῆσαι ἐπ' ἀγροῦς,
 νῦν ἀγρῶν ἐπίουρος ἐέλδομαι αὖθις ἀγώνων
 ὀημοσίων, καὶ λούεσθαι ἔσποῶσι σὺν ὄχλοις.
 καίτοι ὅμοιος ἐγὼ αἰεὶ κακὰ δάκρυα λείβω
 αὐτὸς ὅπως εὔ οἶσθ', ὅπταν μ' ἀέκοντα πόλινδ'ε
 ἔλκη τι στύγερὸν χρεός· ἢ οὐκ ἄρ' ἐμοὶ φίλα θυμῷ

Quandoeunque trahunt invisa negotia Roman.
 Non eadem miramur ; eo disconvenit inter
 Meque et te : nam, quæ deserta et inhospita tesqua
 Credis, amœna vocat, mecum qui sentit, et odit,
 Quæ tu pulchra putas : fornix tibi et uncta popina
 Incutiunt urbis desiderium, video ; et quod
 Angulus iste feret piper et tus ocius uva ;
 Nec vicina subest, vinum præbere, taberna,
 Quæ possit tibi : nec meretrix tibicina, ejus
 Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis : et tamen urges
 Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
 Disjunctum curas, et strictis frondibus explas :
 Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber,
 Multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato.
 Nunc, age, quid nostrum concentum dividat, audi.
 Quem tennes decuere togæ nitidique capilli,
 Quem scis immunem Cinaræ placuisse rapaci,
 Quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,
 Cœna brevis juvat, et prope rivum somnus in herba :
 Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.
 Non istie obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
 Limat ; non odio obscuro morsuque venenat :

ἄλλα πέλει καὶ σοι, ὥστε φρονέειν ἀνόμοια ;
 τίς γὰρ, ἐμοὶ ἴσα φρονέων, οὐχ, ὅσσα γ' ἔρημα
 σοὶ δοκέει δὴ νῦν ἄξινα τ', ἐπήξατ' ἂν εἴποι,
 ὅσσα δὲ καλὰ καλῆς, μυσάρε' αὐτίκα κάρε' ὀνομήναι ;
 ἦπου παρρηίου κρείων τέ σε νῦν πόθος ὀπτῶν
 βαρὺδάπτων φρένας εἴλ' ἄρδην, Διῶν τε παλαιῶν
 καρπῶν τ' ἀλλοδαπῶν οὐδ' ἤκιστ' οἶνος, οἶώ,
 τηλοῦ ἐὼν κνίξει σ'. οὐδ' ἔστ' αὐλητρίε' ἐπαίξει,
 ἦ· ὑπο δινήσεις κελαδαινῆς ποσσὶ βεβαίην
 οὐ κόρυσις κροτέων χυθόνα καὶ ξά τοι αἶεν ἄρουραν
 τεύχεσιν ἀμφιέπειε ἀδμήτην, στήπλιε, καὶ βοῶν
 κεκμηῶτα λύεις καινοῖς φύλλοισι κομίζων.
 καὶ μὴν οὐκ ὀλίγους, ὅτ' ἐπιείρῃσι Διὸς ἔμμελλε,¹
 μόχλους πληρὲς ἰὼν σοὶ θήσει τοῦτο ξέθρον,
 δυσχερὲς ἰσχανάαν κρατεράϊς ἀπὸ λείμακος ὄχλουαι.
 " Ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐρέω, τίνας εἶνεκ' ἀπ' ἀλλήλοισιν
 νόστι οἰέσσημέν γ' ᾧ θ' εἴματα ἐήνδανε θυμῷ
 λειπτότατ' εὐκλοσμοὶ τε κόμαι, ὅν καίπερ ἄδωρον
 οὐκ ἀπέωσ' ἄρπαξ κινάρε, ᾧ τ' ἤματι μέσση
 οἶνον καὶ πίνοντι κατηχέων ἄγχι ξόων,
 ἀσμένω ἦν ὕπνος ἐνὶ λείμακι ποιήεντι—
 τόνδ' ἔχει οὐ παίσαντά τις αἰδώς, ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 τοιούτων ἐρῶντ' οὐδεὶς ὅσσοισιν ἐπ' ἀγρῶν
 οὐδ' ἐμὲ θηῖται φθονερούς, οὐδ' ἔχθος ἄδηλον
 ἴσχει ἐνὶ κραδίῃ, μαλλὸν δ' ὁπότεαν με μακέλλαιαι
 γῆν τάμνονθ' ὀρώσας, γελίσσουσι κατὰ θυμὸν.

¹ Cf. Hom. II. v. 90.

Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.

Cum servis urbana diaria rodere mavis?

Horum tu in numerum voto ruis? Invidet usum

Lignorum et pecoris tibi calo argutus et horti.

Optat ephippia bos piger; optat arare caballus:

Quam scit uterque, libens (censebo) exerceat artem.

ἡλίθι', ἡ μάλα ὀλὴ, εἶον δούλοισιν ὀρίζει
 γλισχρὴ βῆμα πόλεις, μῶρ' ἐυχόμενος ἐρατίζει ;
 ἀλλ' αὖ σοι μήλων φθονέει παῖς ἐνθάδ' ἐδοῦλος
 καὶ λαγχάνων, λαμπρῶν τε πυρῶν νῦν οἶά σε ὀάλλεται.
 ἵππος ἀροῦν ἔραται, βοῦς εἴκελος ἔμμεναι ἵππῳ,
 ἦν δ' ἐτις εἶδειη τέχνην, τήνδ' ἔρδοι ἕκαστος.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum
 On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke —
 “Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come,” —
 So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
 Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
 A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood
 Like a king’s son ; though from his cheek had flown
 The mantling crimson of the Island blood,
 And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright
 And high around him blazed the fires of night,
 Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
 As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
 Lighting the victim’s face : but who could tell
 Of what within his secret heart befell,
 Known but to Heaven that hour ? Perchance a thought
 Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
 That its full image, pictured to his eye
 On the dark ground of mortal agony,
 Rose clear as day ! and he might see the band
 Of his young sisters wand’ring hand in hand,

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

GREEK IAMBICS.

Σιγὴν μὲν ὕλης ἐν βαθυξύλλου στίβοις
 φέγγει σελήνης ἡρυγυρωμέναις, βεβήμοι
 Ἴνδοῦ ἑτάρασσον τυμπάνου πενθήμοις.
 ἐξυθξοὶ δ' ἀξισπεῖς δεσμίῳ μέλῳ τὰ χα
 ῶρα παρούσης διασείμους ἡῶδων γούς.¹
 ὧτος δέ, προσιδεῖν Ἀγγλικὴς νεανίας,
 σταῖς ἀτρεῖμα, φαιδὲ ἐν μέσοις Ἴνδοις μόνος.
 ἦν ὁ ἥλος ὥς φῶς βασιλέως· ὅμως δ' ἄρα
 αἶματός ἀφῆκαν ξυγγενοῖς πυρσὸν γάλας
 παρῆθες, ὡχρὸν τ' ἔθιγ· χελιδὼν κρῦος.
 παλλόμενα δ' ἔνθα κἀνθα πνευμάτων βίη
 κέθροις φλογωπὸν ἐν μέσοις σέλας· πυρὶ
 ἔλαμπε νόκτερ' ὀξείως, τῷ τ' ἀνδρίῳ
 πέριξ ἔχοντα χεῖρμα προσετίθει πλάγῳ.
 τίς δ' ἄλλος, εἰ μὴ πόντ' ἐπιστήμων δαίμων,
 ὅς ἐν μυχοῖσι κακῶϊας κείνῳ τότ'
 ἐκρύπτετο, οἷός τ' ἐκφράσαι; πέσιν δ' ἴσως
 σαφῶς τι ταλὲς ἔσωθεν ἐξήκασμεν,
 γούρῃς δόικην τοῦ, φροντίδ' οἰκείῳ πέρι

¹ Aesch. Agam. 1445.² Eurip. Phoen. 234.

Where the laburnums drooped ; or haply binding
 The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding ;
 Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
 Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth
 Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face
 Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
 Where so it ever smiled ! Perchance the prayer
 Learned at her knee came back on his despair ;
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone
 Of her "*Goodnight*" might breathe from boyhood gone !—
 He started and looked up—thick cypress boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
 In the broad, stormy firelight ; savage brows,
 With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
 Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
 Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
 Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—
 Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
 That happy hall in England ! Idle fear !
 Would the winds tell it ? Who might dream or hear
 The secret of the forest ? To the stake

They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
 His father's spirit in his breast to wake,

Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
 Of many hearts !—The fondly reared—the fair—
 Gladdening all eyes to see ! And fetter'd there
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.

ἐξέσκειτ', ἐκκλ.ηθεῖσαν ὀξείαις ὀύαις·
 νείας δ' ἀθελ.ζάς ἑυμ.πλοκαῖς κοιναῖς χροῶν
 ἀλωμένας τάχ' ἀνδρῶν δάμνων ὑπο,
 ἥ καὶ ἰδύρας ἑλιζίν εὐρόοις τάχ' ἄν
 ῥοοι στρεφούσας, ἥ ζῶν ἡλίου ὀύσει,
 σπάνει ἰδυραία παιδιᾶς, μητρὸς πέλας
 ἐθροῖσιν ἔνδον ἐστίαν ὁμοῦ πέριζ
 καθήντο· καὶ πρὸς γ', ἄσπερ ἐν τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ,
 σεμναῖς ἔλυσσεν ὕμνα φαιδρῶπὸν χαράς
 τὸ μητρὸς, εἴτε μνηστῆς, ὧν εὐχῶν βροῖτος
 αὐτὸς παρ' αὐτῆς ἑμαυτὸν γονυπετήεις, παρῆν
 δαδλ.λουσά γ', εἴθ' ὡς ἡδὺ λιπαρῆς ἰόγῳ
 τὸ χαλρ' ἐκάστης νυκτὸς εὐλογοῦσά νιν
 προσεῖπεν· ἀλλ' ἄφνω γὰρ ἀλλεῖται κείας·
 βλέπων δ' ἄνωθεν εἰσορᾷ δασεῖς κλάδους
 κυπαρισσίνους ἡχαῖσιν ἐμπνευστοῦς ξέναις
 πυσσῶς τε φλοξίν, ἀγρίους δ' ἀνδράς, λέρους
 σεόντας ὑψοῦ χροῶτά τ' ἡλλοιωμένους
 γρυφαῖσι θειναῖς, φάσμαθ' ὡς νόσων, κύκλω
 ἐστῶτας, ἀλλ' εὖν οἱ κλάδοι κλείδους κακοῖς
 ἄσπερων ἔδοξαν φέγγος ἐκκλ.ῆσαι γλυκύ,
 ἅμα τ' ἐλπίθ' ὥδ' εἴη πεπρωμένην τάλας
 κάτοιθεν αἶσαν· ὥδ' ἀκούσαντες φίλοι
 οἱ τῆλ' ἐν χρίοντες ὀλ.εῖα τύχῃ,
 οἵασι πημοναῖσιν οὐ δακεῖν ἄν;
 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ ταῦτ' ἔστ' ἀργά; τίς γὰρ ἄν ποτὶς
 μυχῶν τὰ κρυπτά τῶνδ' ἄν ἀγγεῖλαι πάθῃ;
 ἄρ' ἀνεμός; ἄρ' ὄνειρος ἥ τις ὕψις ἄν;

He thought upon his God. Hush ! hark ! a cry
 Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity—
 A step hath pierced the ring ! Who dares intrude
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?
 A girl—a young slight girl—a fawnlike child
 Of green savannahs and the leafy wild,
 Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
 Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
 For hers had mourned a playmate brother dead.

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She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
 Even to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound
 Like close Liannes ; then rais'd her glitt'ring eye
 And chasten'd voice, that said—"He shall not die !
 He shall not die !"—The gloomy forest thrill'd
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder felt
 On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were still'd,
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
 They gazed—their dark souls bowed before the maid,
 Her of the dancing step in wood and glade !

τόνδ' οὖν τὸν ἄσσοις πασι προσφιλέστατον,
τὸν εὐπρόσωπον, τὸν φιλοστέργουσι πάλαι
τεθξαμμένον τρυφαῖσιν, ἀνδρείοις τότ' αὖ
πατρῷον ἐν στέροισι συλλέγοντ' "Αἴη,
ὅπως ἄναιδός ἔσχατ' ἐσχάτων πάθοι,
σταυροῖσι προσδήσαντες ἄνδρες ὀρθίοις
ἔστησαν οὕτω θανάσιμου πέλους πυρᾶς.
τῷ μὲν τὰ τοῦ μέλλοντος αἰῶνος παρῆν
τὰ δὲν, ὁ δ' ἄρχων φανὸν ἐν χροῶν ἔχων
πυρρὸν παρῆλθεν, ἥνικ' ἐξαίφνης βοή,
ἵχνος δ' ὁμαρτῇ στέφανον¹ εἰσπηδᾷ μέσον,
τὰ σεμνὰ θῦσσον ἱερὰ τίς δ' Ἴνδοις πόδα
ὀργὰς πρὸς ὠμὰς τραπομένοισι ἐπεμφέρει ;
κῆρη γ' ἀεζά τις, προσφρεγῆς νεκρῷ ὀέμας,
ἥτις νάπης θάλλουσα ποιηροῖς μυχοῖς,
καθὼς ἐρήμοις ἄνθος ἐν τόποις μόνον,
ἔελασται ἀγνώστῃ πασιν. ἀλλ' ἤδη νέκρον
ἀδελφὸν ἐστέναιζεν οὔσα περ νία
μοῖραν τάχρως μαθοῦσα δούστηνον βίου.

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Κεῖνη γὰρ ἔσσε σῶ πίκρυν θανάματι
βόσκουσα δηρόν, οἷκτον ὥστ' αὖξεν μέγα
πρὸς σπαιρόν ὀργῆς ἐγκρατεῖ θέρμῃς βία

¹ Eurip. Phoen. 798.

And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mien —
Something of Heaven in silence felt and seen ;
And seeming to their childlike faith a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

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They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath ;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress-tree,
“ Away ! ” they cried, “ young stranger, thou art free ! ”

ἄξιμητο, κῆρτα τοῦ νεανίου κάρτα
 κόλποισι κομίζουσ' ἔσχετ' ὠλενῶν τλοκῆ·
 ἔπειτ' ἐπάρσας ἡμίμα καὶ φλόγγον λιγύν,
 “οὐ καταδαιεῖται,” διατόρῳ νάτης βοῇ,
 ἔξείπει λαμπρῶς· τηνικαῦτα δ' εὐθέως,
 σφοδρᾶς ἐτρωδῶν ὡς βίαις νικημένους,
 θαῦμα ἔϊχε πάντας, ὥστε καὶ χεῖρ' ἡσυχῆν
 καὶ καεῖδιαν σχῆν κατένειδ' πῆξαι κόρυς.
 οὕτω δὲ τῆσδε παιδὸς εὐηθοῦς λόγους
 ἔδωκαν· ὡς γὰρ χρῶμα τὰς παρῆϊδας
 ἔεαψ' πυρσὸν, καὶ πνοαῖς ἀνέπτατο
 χαίτη μέλαινα νυκτέρας, τότ' ἐμφανῶς
 αὐτοῦς ἀεήλατόν τι κἄφθογγον κρᾶτος
 ᾦδ' ἔξέπληξεν, ὥστε φερόμενους ἀπλῆ
 πίστει τὸ θεῖον πνεῦμά γ' αὐδῆσαι, σαφῶς
 ὡς χρῆσαν αὐτοῖς ἐντολὰς κέρης οἰά.
 Οἱ δ' ἀγχαλῶτῳ ὁεσμά λύσαντες χεῖρας,
 ὠχρῶν τε χεῖλῶν θανάσιμον ποτήριον
 ἀφάρτάσαντες, πυρσὸν ἔσσεσαν κλάδοις
 κυπαρισσίνου· ὅτ' ὦ ξέν,” αὐθῶντες, “ταύτην
 ἔξιστ' ἀπελθεῖν, ἄπαγ', ἐλεούερος γὰρ εἶ.”

HORACE, EPISTLES.

B. I. 2.

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
 Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi;
 Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
 Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
 Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te detinet, audi.
 Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
 Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
 Stultorum regum et populorum continet æstus.
 Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.
 Quod Paris, ut salvus regnet vivatque beatus,
 Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites
 Inter Peliden festinat et inter Atriden:
 Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
 Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi:
 Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine et irâ,
 Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.
 Rursus, quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,

HORACE, EPISTLES.

B. I. 2.

TURNED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Χαίρων μὲν, ἡνίκ' ὦ μέγιστε Λόλλιε
 ἤσκηες σὺ Ρώμῃ ζυνδικεῖν, τὰ Τρωϊκά
 πάλιν διῆλθον πάντα Πραίνεσται· ἔσω
 ἐκ τῶνδ' ἄρ' μάθοις ἂν ἐμφανέστερον
 τὸ μὲν καλὸν καὶ χρῆσιμον τὸ, δ' αὔτε μή,
 ἢ φθίγγεται Χρύσιππος ἢ Κράντωρ· τὰδ' οὔν,
 ἣν σοὶ γένηται μηδὲν ἐμποδῶν, φράσω.
 μῦθος γάρ, ὅσπερ 'Ελλὰδ' ἐμμανοῦς ὕπερ
 Πάριδος ἔρωτος βαρβάρους αὐτῶ στρατοῖς
 ζυστᾶσαν, ἔργας βασιλέων σκαιῶν σαφῶς
 λαῶν τε δείκνυσ' εἰσάπαξ μὲν ἀξιῶ
 ἰστάμενον εὐθὺς πόλεμον Ἀντήνωρ σγῶσαι,
 Πάρις δὲ δειδῶν ἐλπίφ' κτάται πέρι
 οὐ πέθεται. Νέστωρ δὲ Πηλείδου κακὰς
 λύων Ἀτρεΐδου τ' ἔριδας, ὦν τὸν μὲν φλέγει
 ἔρωτας μάλ', ἀμφοῖν δ' ἄπτεται χόλος· πικρὸς,
 βουλὰς ἐπιίγει φιλοφρόνως, στρατὸς δὲ παῖς
 δίδωσιν, ὦν ἀνακτεῖ ἡμαρτον, δικήν·
 οὕτως δὲ κ' ἄλλω πανταχῇ Τροίᾳς τ' ἔσω
 ταῖσ' ἅπασιν ἄν' πάντα γὰρ ζυγγεῖ στάσις,
 ἔργῃ, ὁόλος· πανοῦργος, ἀκολαστός τ' ἔρωτας.

Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem ;
 Qui, domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
 Et mores hominum inspexit ; latumque per æquor,
 Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
 Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.
 Sirenum voces et Circæ pocula nosti,
 Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
 Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors,
 Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.
 Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati,
 Sponsi Penelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique
 In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juvenus,
 Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, et
 Ad strepitum citharæ cessatum ducere curam.
 Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones :
 Ut te ipsum serves, non expergisceris ? atqui
 Si noles sanus, curres hydropicus.

Et, ni

Posces ante diem librum cum lamine, si non
 Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,
 Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquere. Nam cur,
 Quæ lædunt oculum, festinas demere ; si quid
 Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum ?

ἄλλ' αὖθις ἀρετὴν καὶ σοφὴν φαιδρὴν φέροι
 ὅποῖα ὀρῶσι, τᾶρ γ' Ὀδυσσεύς καὶ Λαῶ
 ἡμῶν ἔγχεα ψ' Ὀμηροῦ· οὕτως Ἰλίου
 πολλὰς θαμίντο· πολλὰ δ' ἀλώμενοι τέλει
 ἀνδρῶν ἔθη τ' ἐσεῖδον· καὶ σάλ' ῥ' ἔταλ' αἶψα,
 νόστον πορίζων εἰ δυνάϊτο γ' ἐκποιεῖν,
 τυχαῖς ἕνεσθη δυσπτόμοις, αἰεὶ δ' ὅμως
 ἐξῆλθ' ἄλγεαυστοῖς· ἔξθ' δὲ Σειρήνων μέλη
 Δελκτεχρίων, Κίρκης τε φάρμακ' ἠδονῶν
 αἰσχρῶν γέμοντα καὶ βροτοῦς ὕος φέσει
 ἔνταρξ' ἑμιαίνοντ' ἢ κύνες, τὰ δ' οὐδαμῶς
 βλάψαι νιν οἶα θ'· οἳ δὲ ὀρῶμεν αὖτε κακῶς
 οὐκ ἔσμεν ἄλλ' ἢ πλῆθος, οἷς φαγεῖν μέλει,
 μνηστῆρες ἄργοι Πηνελόπης, καθάρματα,
 τρυφὴν ὑπέρφευ γ' ὥσπερ οἱ μετ' Ἀλκίονος¹
 τιμῶντες, ὧρ' αἶψ' εἰς μεσημερινὰς ὕπνον
 τεύχαι φιλοῦντες φροντίδας τε κοιμίσαι
 λῦρας ὕπ' Ἄρ' αὖθις δεινὸν, εἰ φόνου χάριν
 κοιτῶσι λησται νυκτί, σὺ δὲ τῆς σῆς ὕπερ
 σωτηρίας οὐχ ὕπνον ἀποβαλεῖς; νόσῳ
 τῇ δ' ἂν βιασθῆς, σὸν μάλ' ἀσκησάμενος.
 λαεὺς μαθήσεως, ὀρῶσις βίβλοις ὄλην
 ψυχὴν προσάψας, τό τε καλὸν σπεῦσον πρόφρων,
 μήπως σ' ἔξωσ' ποτ' ἢ φθόνος δάκη φρένας.
 τί, σῶμα παύειν αὐτίχ' ἡμέρων νόσου,
 μέλει τις ματεύειν φάρμακ' ἀλγούσης φρένας;

¹ Eurip. Phœn. 560.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet ; sapere aude,
 Incipe : qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
 Rusticus exspectat, dum defluat amnis ; at ille
 Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
 Quæritur argentum puerisque beata creandis
 Uxor, et incultæ pacantur vomere silvæ.
 Quod satis est cui contigit, hic nihil amplius optet.
 Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri
 Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
 Non animo curas. Valeat possessor oportet,
 Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
 Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus et res,
 Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,
 Auriculas citharæ collectâ sorde dolentes.
 Sincerum est nisi vas, quodeunque infundis, accescit.
 Sperne voluptates ; nocet eam dolore voluptas.
 Semper avarus eget ; certum voto pete finem.
 Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis ;
 Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
 Majus tormentum. Qui non moderabitur iræ,
 Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
 Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.
 Ira furor brevis est : animum rege, qui, nisi paret,

φρονεῖν δὲ τοῦτο γινώσκων, ὅτι
 ἔργοισιν ἀρχή γ' ἐστὶ παῶν ἡμῶν,
 ὅστις δ' ἂν ἐθέλῃ ἀναβολὴν πράξεως ποιῇ
 πόταμον ἀπειλθεῖν ὅσπερ ἄγροικος μένει·
 ὁ δ' οὐδὲν ἥσσω τὴν ξοὴν ἔμπαρ προχρεῖ.

Καὶ μὴν τίς οὐχὶ χρημάτων ἐφίεται
 καὶ πλουσίᾳ γυναικὸς εἰς παίδων γονήν,
 ἀρότροις τ' ἀρουρῶν ἡμερωμένων πέριξ;
 οὐκοῦν τά γ' ἀρκοῦνθ' ἱκανὰ τοῖσι σώφροσιν,¹
 οὐ γὰρ, σάφ' ἴσθι, χρεήματα' οὔτε σώματα
 ὁδύνας ἀμῦναι κάρτα τοῦ κεκτημένου
 οὔτ' οὖν μερίμνας πολυπόνους· ἦν δ' αἶ καλῶς
 χρῆσθαι θέλη τις ἂν θεὸς πόρρῃ, νόσφ'
 οὐδὲν ξυεῖναι δεῖνιν ὧ γὰρ ἢ πόθου
 μέτεστιν ἢ φόβου τι, τοιούτῳ γύαι
 τίν' εἰσφύρουσιν ἡδονὴν ὑπερτέραν
 ἥσπερ γράφαι λημῶντι καὶ φωναι λυρῶν
 βεβυσμένῳ τά γ' ὠτά; κάλλιπτον δ' ὕδωρ
 φθείρει πονηρὸν ἄγρορ. ἡδοναῖς ἄρα
 ἀνθίστασ' ἄρδην αἵσπερ ἀλγυνεὶ ξυνών.
 ὁ μὲν ποθὼν γὰρ πόλλ' ἔχει σπάνιν· σὺ δ' ἐν
 τέλει σκόπει τι χῶ φθόνους τρέφων αἰεί—
 ὦν οὐδὲν εὔρε Φάλαρις ἄλγιον πότε—
 φθίνει τάχιστα τᾶγαθ' ἀνθρώπων ἰδὼν.
 ἐργὴν ταχὺς κάθειργε, μὴ, δοῦναι δικὰς
 μέλλων, τὰ δ' ἔργ' ἀπρακτα βουλῇθ' ἡ μάτην,

¹ Cf. Eurip. Phœn. 564.

Imperat : hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catenâ.
Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister
Ire viam quâ monstret eques. Venaticus, ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
Militat in silvis catulus. Nunc adhibe puro
Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu. Quod si cessas, aut strenuus anteis,
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus insto.

ἐπεὶ δὲ μανία προσφύξει, ὁρῶν γὰρ πύλαι,
 τὰ πρᾶτα θυμὸν, ὅσους, μὴ δοῦλος πέσῃ,
 ἄρξῃ δούλοιστο, ἐγχεσθῶς καθεκτέον.
 καὶ γὰρ ἵπποιο ἱππέω καὶ ἡθονήν
 νεαῖς ἐν ὥραις ἐνχέσθῃς ἀμαρτύνει,
 σκύλαξ δὲ ἡρώων στήμασιν πλάσσει νεύς
 ἡρώων ταχὺς ἔκφυγεν, ὡσαύτως δὲ σὺ,
 ἔως ἔθ' ἦς ἔστ' ἀκρήστατον γένος,
 σοφῶν λόγους ἔμπινε, χῶς χύτρα γ' ἔσει,
 ἥτις λαοοῦσα νεοπαγῆς ὁσμῆν ἀεὶ
 καλὴν φυλάσσει. Μὴ βῆαθέσαν οἷον ὁδὸν
 μήδ' αὖ ταχέαν ἐρπ', ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐγὼ ποτ' ἄν¹
 ἔτρεον διώξαιμ' οὐδὲ προσμείναιμ' ἐκών.

¹ Cf. Soph. Phil. 948, 446.

ODE TO RUIN.

BY BURNS.

All hail ! inexorable Lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain—
 A sullen welcome all !
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut *my dearest tie*,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread,
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.
 And Thou, grim Power, by life abhorred,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
 No more I shrink appalled, afraid,—
 I court, I beg, thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !

ODE TO RUIN.

TURNED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Χαῖρ' ὦ τέρταμνε κοίραν', ὅδ' δεινοῖς λόγοις
 εὐθὺς καταξέρεῖ βασιλέων κῆδος μέγα
 ἀρχαιοπλούτων, ἥδ' οὐ σοὶ πάντες γ' ὅσοι
 ἄλχη φέροντες καὶ πόνους μεθ' ἡδονῆς
 ὑπηρετοῦσι· νῦν γὰρ ἄγναμπος βλέπω,
 ἀνελπισὶς ὣν ὀρθοῦσιν ὀφθαλμοῖς βέλη
 τὰ σ' εὖστοχ', ἥδη τοῦμὸν ὀξεία κέαρ
 ῥήξαντος αἰγμῆς τήν τε φιλτάτην χαράν
 ἀφαρπάσαντος· οὐκέτ', οὐκέτ' ἐν φόβῳ
 πυκνὸν σκοτεινῶν λαιλάπων ἔχω ζόφον
 ἐπὶ κῆρτά μου στρυγητὸν εἰσαλουμένων.
 Σὺ δ' ὦ θυνάστα γοργεῖ, τοῖς Ζῶσιν δέος
 ἕως ἔχει τί γ' ἡδονῆς ζώῃ μέτρον,
 εὐχὰς δέχου μοι τάλανι τὰσδε λιπαρεῖς.
 οὔτοι μ' ὀκνηρὸν ὀεῖμα κωλύει τανῦν
 φίλῃ, καλῶ σε, λίσσομαί σ', ὦναξ, χερί
 τελοῖς βίῳ θές τῷδ'ε δυσπότημῳ ταχέ·

When shall my soul in silent peace
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold, mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclaspèd and graspèd
Within thy cold embrace.

πότε' ἀποβαλοῦσα δούσφορον βάρους τρέδε
 ἤμῃ σιωπῇ· ἄψεται ψυχὴ μακρῶ·
 πότε σφαδασμῶν ἥδε καρδία μέλει·
 λήξασα γῇ· κάτωθε· τέξεται μυχῶν·
 πότε' οὐδ' οἱ' ὕσσων ῥέεῦσεται πάλιν δάκρυ
 φόβου τ' ἄπασται τάρχεος, ἡνίκ' ἂν χέρε·
 αἰσαί μ' ἀπείρξωσ' ἐμπέδῳ προσηύγματοι.

A U T U M N.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

With what a glory comes and goes the year :
The birds of Spring, the beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees ;
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.—
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing ; and, in the vales,
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down

A U T U M N .

IAMBICS.

Ὡς οὐνιαυτὸς ἔρχεται φαιδρᾶν ἔχων
 χάριν τελεῖτ' ἐν ἥρῃ, νεογενεῖ φύσεως
 χαίρουσι θάλλει κάλυκες ὀγκηροὶ ξύδων,
 εὐηλίων κήρυκες ἡμερῶν γλυκεῖς,
 χλόη τε γαία εὐφρεῖ· πάλιν δ', ὅτε,
 βλεπόντο· ἀμειλύν' ἡλίου δι' ἀργυρῶν
 νεφῶν, χαράδι χερσὶ καρπὸν ἐκλαχών
 κληῖρον τέλειος σάφροσιν χαίρει χερόνους,
 ἅπαντα λαμπρῶς καλλόνης πέριξ βρῦει.
 νῦν δ' ἐκπνέων τις μαλθακὸν δαίμων χνόον
 δένδρ', εὐπροσώπων φαιδρὰ χρωμάτων φύσει,
 βαρεῖς ἀγάλλει χερσέσισι, θαψιλοῦς
 πάντη νέαν κρατῆρος ἐκχέων χάριν·
 νέφη δὲ θερμῷ λευκὰ βαπτίζει φάει.
 φανῶ δ' ἔως τῶρεια καλλύνει σέλα,
 ὧς τις θέρειος πορφυροῖς φορούμενος
 ὄρνις περσοῖσι παγκρατεῖ δ' ἐν ἄγκρεσι
 τέχνη πρῶθυμος ἄνεμος ἀσπασμῷ κυνῶν
 πολυῶ τὰ φύλλ' ἔσθων εὐδένδρων μυχῶν
 ζῶν φέρει νεογνόν, ἔνθα δὴ μέλη
 γεραί' ὀπώρα λευμένῃ σκεπάσματα

By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
 The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
 That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
 A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
 And pecks by the witch-hazel ; whilst, aloud,
 From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings ;
 And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
 Sounds from the thrashing-floor the busy flail.

O ! what a glory doth this world put on
 For him, who with a fervent heart goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
 On duties well-performed, and days well-spent !
 For him the wind, ay ! and the yellow leaves,
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings :
 He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
 To his long resting-place without a tear.

φίλοῦσιν οἱ πλέκουσι φοινῶν κλάδοι
 μελιῶν, κόμη τε ξανθόθριξ σφενδάμινῃ,
 φηγοί τε λευκοί· χρυσέαισι δ' ἐσκήϊους
 ὕρνιθες ὕλας οἱ φίλ' ἀνθρῶποι ὀέξαι·
 κοσμοῦσι, μινυρῶς δ' οἰκτρὸν ἄδοντες μέλ' οἱ,
 οἷς κέερασος ἐστὶ καὶ κέθρος βορὰ φίλῃ,
 σπίνοι πτίλοισι πορφυροῖσιν ἐνπρεπεῖς
 κόπτουσιν θάμνοισι· ἑυγχείαι· στεγῶν δ' ἄπο
 λιγεῖαν ἐκχέουσιν οἱ γλαυκοὶ χαρᾶν,
 ἰλαρῶς δὲ λεία πολυκρότων πληγῶν ἄλως
 βοᾶσιν ἡχεῖ. Πᾶσι γ' ἀνθρώποις, ὅσοι
 εἰς τὸν πάρος βλέπουσιν ἄσμενοι βίον,
 κηλῶδες ἄμωρον καὶ καλῶς δεδρασμένοις
 ἔργοισι λαμπρὸν, ἡλίῳ λέγειν τό πᾶν
 θερμαῖσι καρδίαισιν οὐ φοβούμενοι,
 ὅσον τὸ κάλλος χηῖδ' ἢ τοιοῦτ' ἔχει!
 τοιοῦσδε γ' ἄνεμοι καὶ ναπῶν ξάνθη φόβη
 φθόγγον λαξοῦσα νοθετεῖ σφώτατα,
 ὕμνον δ', ὃν ἄδει πᾶσι θάνατος ἐγκρατής,
 τὸ πρὶν σφῶς μαθόντες, ὀφθαλμοῖς στάσιν
 ἥϊον σ' ἀκλαύτοις πάνδοκον γαίης κάτω.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO VI. STANZA 29.

With naked feet and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go ;
 The standers-by might hear uneath
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
 Through all their lengthened row ;
 No lordly look nor martial stride,
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
 Forgotten their renown :
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
 To the high altar's hallowed side,
 And there they knelt them down :
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave ;
 Beneath the lettered stones were laid
 The ashes of their fathers dead :
 From many a garnished niche around,
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.
 And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular,
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TURNED INTO LAMBICS.

Καὶ μὴν πλοκάς ἔχοντες ἐν στέρνοις χερσῶν,
 πόδας τε γυμνοὶ καὶ ἀνδρικότας σάκον,
 στόλος στρατηγῶν οἰκτρὸς ἐκβαίνει δόμων·
 μόλις δὲ φωνὴν στόματος ἢ τοδῶν πάτον
 ἢ καὶ πνοὴν ἤκουσαν οἱ στάντες πέρι·
 οὐδ' ἂν τύραννον ἔμμε' ἴδοις ἐνταῦθα ποῦ
 ἵχνης τ' Ἀρσίου· τοῦ γὰρ ἔμπροσθεν κλέους
 φρονήματος τ' ἔδοξαν οὐ μνήμην τρέφειν.
 οὕτω λαθροῖσι φάσμαθ' ὤς, βάντες στίχοις
 ἱκτηρίαισι βωμίων βάθρων ἔπι
 σιγαῖς ἔθηκαν γόιατα· κἀνῶθεν καλὰ
 ἐπίσημ' ἐφῆξῃς, τῶν πρὶν ἱππέων χάριν,
 κρημάστ' ἴδοις ἄν· καὶ κάτω λευκὴ κόνις
 ἔκειτο προγόνων μνημάτων γλυπτῶν ὑπο·
 मुखῶν δ' ἔσω ἔστησαν, οἱ πίστεως ὑπερ
 ὧμοῖς φόνους ὥλοντο, γόργ' ἠκασμένοι.
 Οἱ δ' αὖ σεβαστοὶ πατερες ἐννόμῳ στόλῳ,
 λευκοῖς ἔκαστος περιβελημένοι πέπλοις
 κερκιδὰς δ' ἐρεμνοῖς εὐπρεπεῖς καλὸν ἔμμεσιν,
 μάζαν φορέοντες χερσὶ τὴν μυστηρίαν,
 λύχνων δ' ἀφὰς, βίβλον τε, καὶ σεπτὸν φάρος,

The holy fathers, two and two,

In long procession came ;

Taper and host, and book they bare,

And holy banner flourished fair

With the Redeemer's name.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band

The mitred abbot stretched his hand,

And blessed them as they kneeled :

With holy cross he signed them all,

And prayed they might be sage in hall,

And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,

And solemn requiem for the dead ;

And bells tolled out their mighty peal

For the departed spirit's weal.

And ever in the office close

The hymn of intercession rose :

And far the echoing aisles prolong

The awful burden of the song :—

“ Dies iræ, dies illa,

Solvat seclum in favillâ ;”

While the pealing organ rung :

Were it meet with sacred strain

To close my lay, so light and vain,

Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

ἐν ᾧ γ' ἸΗΣΟΥΣ ποικίλῃ χεῖρτις τέχνη
 ἔγραψεν—οὕτω πάντες ἐν τάξει διπλῇ
 μακρὰς στοὰς μετρουῦντες εὐπάκτω βάσει,
 λόχου πρόσω στείχουσι γονυπετοῦς πέλας.
 κἀνταυτὸ ὁ θεὸς χεῖρας ἐκτείνει πατήρ
 πάντας παρηγορήσας· εὐφύμοις λόγοις,
 σταυροῦ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς ἱερὴν ἐκγράψας σέξας,
 θεὸν προσκυῖδα καλὴν ἰν' ὀπλοῖς κροτή
 εὐξουλίαν δὲ στόματι παντελῇ νέμειν.
 ἔπειτα δ' ἱερεὺς μυστικὰ ῥέξας τέλη
 ᾠδαῖς λιταῖσι τοῦ νεκροῦ χάριν θεὸν
 πόλλ' ἐκέλευσ' ὁμοῦ τε κώδωνες λιγύ
 σωτηρίας ἤρχησαν αἰθρίας ὑπερ.

Τέλος δὲ, παιὰν ἀντίχ' ἰλαστήριος,
 ξυνφῶς ἐργάνοισιν εὐφῶνις, μακρὰν
 διὰ στοὰς ἔτεινεν ὑψηλὰς βόην.

“ Φεῦ, Φεῦ·

Τὸ θεῖον ἦμαρ, ἐμφόρῳ σκηψαν βίῳ,
 καὶ μεστὸν ἐργῆς, εἰς κόπον λύσει τὸ πᾶν.”
 ἀλλ', ἔπειρ' ἱεροῖς ἄσμασιν πάρεστί μοι
 ἔργων ματαίαν ἀνοσίῳ ῥῆσιν τελεῖν,
 τοιόντ' ὁμαυλὸς γῆρυς ἐξῆκεν μέλος·

“ Φεῦ, Φεῦ·

Τὸ θεῖον ἐργῆς ἦμαρ, ἥνικ' οὐρανός
 καὶ γῆ πλατεί· εἰς οὐδὲν ἐκλυθήσεται·

(HYMN FOR THE DEAD.)

- “ That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner’s stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- “ When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll :
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !
- “ O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner’s stay,
Though Heaven and Earth shall pass away !”

τῷ ποτε βοηθῶ πίσυνος ὤμαρτων βροτός
εἰσάφεται τὰ δεινὰ τῆς τούτ' ἡμέρας;

“Ὅτ' ἐγκαλυπταῖς φλοῖν οὐρανοῦ κύκλος,
οἶον δέξῃς φρυκτόν τι, συσπασθήσεται,
καὶ τοὺς παρ' Αἰδοῦ διατόξῃς σάλπιγγ' νεκρούς,
δεινὴν σκεδῶσα γῆρυν, ἐξαναγκάσει.

“Ὅτ' ἐκ μυγῶν γῆς κρίσιν ὑφ' ἑξουσιν βροτοί,
δεινῆς ὅτ' ὀργῆς ἡμέρα κείνη πάρα,
σὺ γ', ὦ παναλκήεις, ἐν μέσοις ἐρειπίοις
γῆς οὐρανοῦ τ', ἄρξηγε τοῖς παναθλίοις.”

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand :
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
Once more a king he strode—
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw, once more, his dark-eyed queen,
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

IAMBICS.

Στέρνον μὲν εὐρύ γυμνός, ἐν δὲ ψαμμύνοις
 κεκρυμμένος πίνοισι συμπλοκήν τριχῶν,
 Ἰσχῶν ὁ δοῦλος ὀρέπανον ἐμπέδῳ χεῖρί
 ἔκειτ' ὀρέζης ἐγγυὺς ἀφάστου θέρους.
 ἐνταῦθ' ὄδοξεν ἐκταθείς ὄρεῖν ὕπνου
 γαῖαν πατρίαν ἐν ὀνόροις· ἐνθ' αἶσ' ἀλάν
 φέσαις ὕφ' ὑψηλαῖσι φοινίκων, ὅπου
 πεδίων ἀνάσσει πόνων εὐρυσθενής
 Νίγειρος, ὡς πάροιδε, βασιλικῷ πάτρῳ
 ἔστειχ', ἄπωθεν ἐμπόρους πρόμπαις μακράις
 ὄρεϊα σὺν τεξπνοῖσι κωδῶνων κρότοις
 κέλ.εὐθ' ἀθρῶν τέμνοντα· ἐμπάλιν δὲ καὶ
 ἀνασσαν εἶδε φιλτάταις τὴν πρὶν τέκνων
 βλάσταις ἔβνουσαν ὡς δὲ γ' ἐν ὄδοις ὕπνου
 χεῖρῶν πλοκαῖς χαίροντες ἡσπάζοντό νιν

And then, at furious speed he rode
 Along the river's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains ;
 And, with a martial clank, ·
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his courser's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn to night he followed their flight
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyæna scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it pass'd like some glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream !

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the blast of the desert cried aloud
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep, and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

φιλήμασιν τε καὶ δέξης πρὸς πτύγμασι,
 εἰς ψάμμον ἐστάλασεν ἐκ χαρᾶς ὁάκρου.
 Ἔπειτ' ἀρείων ἑμπλῆος φρονημάτων
 ἔππον δι' ὄχθας ποταμίας χρυσήνιον,
 δοοῖς κροτοῦντος κουλεοῦ λαμπροῦ δρόμοις,
 εἰς ἀπὸ βύτῃος ἐξωρμήσατο.
 ὄρνεις δ' ἄνω πάριθε φοινικοπτέρους
 πυκνὰς φάλαγγας ὥς τι φοίνιον φάρος
 δι' αἰθέρος τείνοντας, ἀκαμάτῳ φυγῇ
 ἔδοξ' ἀπ' ὄρθρου νυκτέρων μέχρι σκότων
 πέδια περὶ βρύοντα θαυμαστῆς φάτης
 διωκάθειν, ἕως περ ἀλμυρὸν σάλον
 σκηνὰς τ' ἐσεῖθεν ἀγρίων Καφερίων.
 ἐν νυκτὶ δ' αὖ λείοντος ὠρυθμὸς βαρύς,
 βοή ὧ' υἱίνης ὀξύφωνος, ἐν ὧ' ἔλει
 κρυπτῷ βίαιος ποταμίων ἔππον φόρος
 δασεῖς πατούντων δόνακας, ἐν φαντάσμασιν
 ὀνειράτων καλοῖσι πρὸς φεγγῆς βρόμῳ
 παρῃλθ' ἀρείων τυμπάνων διηνεκεῖ.
 Φορομένῳ δὲ μυρίαις γλώσσαις νάπη
 ἤχησ' ἅπαντά γ' ἡμέραν ἐλευθέραν,
 ψάμμον δ' ἐρήμης παγκρατῆς πνοῇ χθονός
 φωνῇ διασσοῦσ' ἀγρία νιν ἐξ ὕπνου

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay,
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

ὦδ' ἐξέγειρεν ὥστε μειδῆσαι βίᾳ
 ἡσθύντα τερπινῇ πνευμάτων ἀδеспότων.
 ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' αὖτ' ἥσπαιζε μαστίγων ὑπο
 μεσημερινῶν τε διαλπέων, ἐπεὶ, βίου
 ψυχῇ δυσσίστου θάνατον ἀλλάσσοις ἅμα,
 ἐξῆας' ἀπέειλε σώματος φθαρτάς πέδας.
 ὦδ' ἡρμαίως εἶγεν ἄψυχον δέμας.

“ WE MOURN.”

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

We mourn for those who toil,
 The slave who ploughs the main,
 Or him, who hopeless tills the soil,
 Beneath the stripe and chain :
 For those, whom in the world's hard race,
 O'erwearied and unblest,
 A host of restless phantoms chase :—
 Why mourn for those who rest ?
 We mourn for those who sin,
 Bound in the tempter's snare,
 Whom syren Pleasure beckons in
 To prisons of despair :
 Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
 Are wrecked on Folly's shore :—
 But why in sorrow should we mourn
 For those who sin no more ?
 We mourn for those who weep,
 Whom stern afflictions bend
 With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
 Of lover or of friend.—
 But they to whom the sway
 Of pain and grief is o'er,
 Whose tears our God hath wiped away—
 O ! mourn for *them* no more !

“ WE MOURN.”

IAMBICS.

Τῶν μὲν ποινούτων πάντα δεῖτ' πενθεῖν ὕπερ,
 εἴτ' οὖν πλάταις τις δουλείαις σάλου διά
 ἐλᾷ βιασθείς, εἴτε μάστιγος φόβῳ,
 δεσμοῖς πιεσθείς, ἐλπίδ' οὐχ αὐτῷ τρέφων,
 ἄρουραν ἦροσ', οὐς δὲ τὴν ἀμιλλαν αὖ
 βίου τρέχοντας ἀχάρισιν κήδη πικρά
 πόνοις διώκει κατ' οἴας δηκτήρια
 ἀλλ' εἰς τὶ κοπτόμεσθα τοὺς κοιμωμένους ;
 Τοὺς δ' αὖ κακοὺς γε παγίδι πειρασμοῦ λάθρα
 οἰμώζομεν ληφθέντας, οὐς ἂν εἰς δόμους
 ἀχέων ἀφυκτοὺς ἠδοναί, Σείρηνες ᾤς,
 καλέσωσ', ἀελλοαὶ τ', ἔκγονοι μωρᾶς φρενός,
 ἄτης πατάξωσ' ἐλεθρία δεινῆς βίης·
 ὅμως δὲ κείνους πρὸς τὶ θρηνηῖσαι χρεῶν,
 ὅσοις ὀμιλεῖν οὐκέτ' ἔσθ' ἀμαρτία ;
 τούτους δὲ χροῖ', δαμέντες ἀλγεινῶ πάθει,
 φιλίας γοῶνται θανάσιμον καθαίρειν
 πόθου τε θέρμοῦ, δάκρυσιν οἰκτείρειν πρέπει
 ἀλλ' οἵπερ οὐκέτ' εἶσ' ὑπήκοοι κράτει
 λυπῶν βροτείων, οἷς ἀπώμορξεν Δεός
 δάκρυα τὰ πάντα, μηκέτ' οἰμώξευς σύ νιν.

D E A T H.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !
 Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad gatherings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
 But *all* for thee, thou mightiest of the earth !
 The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine !
 Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorions for decay,
 And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.
 Leaves have their time, &c.
 We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

DEATH.

IAMBICS.

ὦρα μὲν ἐστὶ πτώσεως εἰμαρμένη
 φύλλοισιν, οὐδ' ἄωρα βορρῆαίαις φθίνει
 ἐκπαῖδιν ἄνθη, καίριαι δ' ἄστροις οὖσαι,
 σοὶ δ' ὦ μέτεστι θάνατε παντοίων χρόνων.
 καὶ μὴν μερῖμναις ἡμέραν θεὸς βίου
 τὴν δ' ἐσπέραν ἔδωκεν οἰκείων χαρᾶς
 ὁμιλιῶν, φέξει τε νύξ' ἐνείρετα
 εὐχῆς δὲ φωνὴν καρτερᾶς, σοὶ δ', ὦ χυθονῶν
 κρᾶτιστε πασῶν, πάνθ' ὁμοῦ καθίσταται.
 θοίναισι δ' ὦρα παιδιᾶς πεπλησμένη
 ὕμνων τε κίεται καὶ χλιδῆς οἴνου κακῆς.
 καὶ καιρὸς ἐστὶ πημοναῖς ὁ μὲν πιχραῖς,
 ὁ δ' αὖ χαρᾶς γε δάκρυσιν, πάντες δὲ σοί
 ἦξι δ' ἀκμαία καὶ ἔθους κάλυξ' νέου
 κρείσσων σκοποῦντι φαίνεται πάσης φθορᾶς,
 ἀλλ' ἐμπρόσωπον ὑπερροῶν αὐτῶν γάνος
 ἄγρην τέρεναν ἀποδρέπεις τριχῆς ἄτερ
 ὦρα γὰρ ἐστὶ πτώσεως εἰμαρμένη
 φύλλοισιν, οὐδ' ἄωρα βορρῆαίαις φθίνει
 ἐκπαῖδιν ἄνθη, καίριαι δ' ἄστροις οὖσαι,
 σοὶ δ' ὦ μέτεστι θάνατε παντοίων χρόνων.
 Τίς οὐ σεληνῶν οἶδεν ἐμμήνους φθίσεις,

Is it when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?

Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?

They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,

Thou art where music melts upon the air,

Thou art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth, and thou art there !

Thou art where friend meets friend,

Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;

Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend

The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest !

Leaves have their time, &c.

τρέσοδον δ' ἐπείαν ὀρνέων τήν ἐν θίξει,
 σπάχρυσι δ' ὀπώξας χρευσίαις λαμπροῦς γύας;
 τήν σήν δ' ἄσιξιν τίς τρεομηνύσειεν ἄν;
 ἄρ' οὖν ὅταν γέ τιδ' ὤρα περὶ πόντον ἐκλέγῃ
 ἀήματ' ἥξας νεογενεὺς ἴων τόποι,
 ἧ χῶταν ὠχρὰ διγγάνη θύδων σθερά;
 ᾧ μί' αὐτοῖς γ' ἐνθανεῖν—τᾶσαι βροτοῖς.
 Σὺ γ' ἐμξατεύεις κυμάτων λευκοῦς ἀστρούς,
 ὅτου ὃς μολπῶν εἶσιν ἔμπελαι πνοαί,
 ἀνδράς δ' ἐς ὄκλους ἡσύχους ἔρχει μέτα,
 ἔξω δὲ κατ' ἐλθεῖσιν ἐμπίπτει ἴσως.
 Σίλος δ' ὅτοι ξυνηλθεῖν ἐς ταῦτόν σῖλ' αἶψα,
 πετρίδας ὅς' ἡσύχαισι κείμενος σκιαῖς,
 ὅτου ὃς καὶ σάλπιγγ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς μάχην
 πολέμιος ἀνδρῶν πολέμιος, ξίσι δ' ἀμῶν
 λόδους ἀσειδὼν θασυέων, θάινειν σιναῖς.
 ᾧ γὰρ ἐστὶ πτώσεις ἐμπαμένη
 σὺλλοισιν, οὐδ' ἄρα θορυβαῖαι ρόνοι
 ἐνταῖσιν ἄνθη, καίς ται δ' ἄστροις οὐραῖς.
 σοὶ δ' ὦ μέτεστι θάνατε παντοίων χρεόνων.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight :

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall :

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

IAMBICS.

Ὅταν κνεφαῖον ἡμέρας ἦκη τέλος
 φωναί τε νυκτὸς ἦπται ψυχὴν, σχιδόν
 νερυκήμασιν γ' εἴκουσαν, εἰς τέξψιν πάλιν
 ἀγνὴν καλῶσι κάκχοιοι πυρὸς σκιαί,
 πρὶν ἐσπέρους λαμπυτῆρας ἀφθῆναι φάει,
 ἀνὰ τοῖχον αἰόλοισιν ὀρχῶνται τρόποις
 φαντάσμαθ' ὧς γογγυπά, τηνίκ' αὐθις αὖ,
 οἱ ζῶντες ἦσαν φίλτατοι πιστοὶ δ' ἅμα,
 μακρὰν θανόντες, ἦκ' ἀνοίξαντες θύραν
 ἐμοὶ ξύνοισιν, ὅσον ἐν βίῳ γ', ὁ μὲν,
 ἦδεην ἀκμαῶς κείε' ἔργον βέλτιστος ὢν
 μάχηε ἀρείαν, ἐν βίου πορεύμασι
 καμὼν ἀπώλετ' ὢν νεανίας ἔτι·
 ἄλλοι δὲ πρὶν πρέποντες εὐσεβεῖ βίῳ,
 σταυρόν τε πρῶως πημονῆς μακροῦς πικρὸν
 ἄξαντες, αὐτοὺς θανασίμῳ πλήγῃ τέλος
 ἐνδόντες ἡμῶν τῆλ' ὁμιλίᾳς ἄπο
 ἀπεστάλησαν. Ξὺν δὲ γῆ καλὴ κέρη,
 ἦ γ' εἰς τὰ πρῶτ' ἔρωτί μ' ὄντα ὅη νέον
 θεόδοτος μάλ' ὦλ' εἰς, ἦδ' ἐν οὐρανῳ

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downwards from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

μακάριον ἐν ὁσίᾳ τάσσεται πανηγύρει.
 τότε ἀποφύγοις ἢ Διόσσυτος κόρη
 ποσὶν προσελθοῦσ' αὐτίκ' ἄγχι μου θρόνον
 ἵξει κενὸν ψαύει τε τῆς ἐμῆς χερσός·
 καθήμενη δ' οὖν ὀμιμάτων ἔμ' ἐκ βάθους,
 ἅ γ' ἐμφιεῖ ὅτ' ἄστροισιν ἡρέμ' εἰς βρότους
 ἐκ νυκτεροῦ βλέπουσιν οὐρανὸν κάτω,
 ἀτενὲς ἀθρεῖται τρέινα γ'. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ καλῶς
 φθογγὰς ἀφώνους προστροπῆς ἐπίσταμαι
 ψόγοις μὲν ἡπίοισιν εὐφρήμοις δ' ἄμα
 ἐκ μαλθακῶν χειλῶν με τιμώσας λόγοις.
 ἀνθ' ὧν, ἐξημίαισι δυσθυμοῦντι δὴ
 πολλὰ ἄϊς, ὅμως τοιούδε μοι μεμνημένῳ
 ζώουσ' ποτ' ὕντας καὶ θανόντας ἐνθάδε,
 εὐθὺς καταρξέουσι σύμπαντες φύβοι.

SARDANAPALUS.

ACT V.—MYRRHA LOQUITUR.

The day at last has broken. What a night
 Hath ushered it ! How beautiful in Heaven !
 Though varied with a transitory storm,
 More beautiful in that variety !
 How hideous upon Earth ! where peace and hope,
 And love and revel in an hour were trampled
 By human passions to a human chaos,
 Not yet resolved to separate elements.—
 'Tis warring still !—And can the Sun so rise,
 So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
 Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
 With golden pinnacles and snowy mountains,
 And billows purpler than the Ocean's, making
 In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
 So like, we almost deem it permanent ;
 So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
 Beyond a vision—'tis so transiently
 Scattered along the eternal vault ; and yet
 It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul
 And blends itself into the soul, until
 Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch

SARDANAPALUS.

IAMBICS.

Μύρξα.—

Οἶον μὲν ἤδη νυκτὸς ἔξ ὅας πάρα
 γεννηθὲν ἤμαρ ὥς ἐν οὐρανῷ καλῶς,
 πολλὰς δ' ἀμαυρῶν λαιλῶπων δι' ἀλλαγὰς
 κάλλιον αὖθις βραχέος ἐκλάμπει σκότου.
 ἀλλ' ἤλθ' ἀνίσχον τοῖς κάτω μύσους γ' ὅσον·
 οἱ γὰρ διαστρόφοισιν ὀρμῶντες φρεσὶ
 χαρὰν ἄπασαν κάλπιδ' εἰρηνὴν δ' ὁμοῦ
 εἰς ὅσον οὐδεὶς χωρίσαι πάλιν χάος
 καταιδ', ἔμιζαν ξυγχύσει πανωλεθρῷ.
 ἀγῶν δὲ καὶ νῦν ἐστίν· ἀλλὰ τοῦ χάρις
 οὕτως ἐφάνθη ἥλιος; καὶ πῶς νέφη
 κούφους ἀνέπτυσ' εἰς ἀτμούς, πρὸς οὓς μάτην
 ἀνέφελος αἰθὴρ ἐξαμιλλᾶται γ', ὕψη
 νιφόκτυπ' ἀΐων χυσεοστόλους τ' ἄκρας
 καὶ πορφυρώπες ἐναλίην κλυδώνια,
 ἔκασμα γαίης ὥστ' ἐν οὐρανῷ γράφειν,
 φρένας γε πεῖθον εἰς ἀλήθειαν θείας·
 ὅμως δ' ἄνω ποικίλμα ποιῆσαν βραχὺ
 ἔπειθ' ὁμοίως ὀλχεται φαντάσματι,
 οὐκ ἄξιόν τι κλήσεως βελτίονος.

Of sorrow and of love, which they who mark not,
Know not the realms where those twin genii—
Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamour—build the palaces
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly ; but in that brief, cool, calm, inhale
Enough of Heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid sufferance ;
Though seemingly employed like all the rest
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling,
Which our internal restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy !

καίτοι τόδ' ἔξδυν ἡπίαις ψυχὴν βίαις
 Δελκτηρίαισί τ' εὐθέως ξυντήκεται,
 τέλος δὲ τοῖς τ' ἐξῶσι καὶ λυπουμένοις
 φίλον τι κήλημ¹ ἀνατολαί τε καὶ δύσεις
 φέρουσιν. ἀλλ' ὅσους γε ταῦτα λανθάνει,
 οὔτοι μεγίστους δόο Δεούς, κολλάσμεσιν
 οἱ τῶν σεβόντων καρθίας σωτηρίαις
 ἐξοῦσιν, ὥστε μὴ Δίλιν πᾶσαν χλαῖν,
 ὅση βοαῖς ἔσεισεν οὐρανοῦ κύκλον,
 αὐτῶν πρίσθαί γ', οὐκ ἴσασιν οὔν ὅπου
 μόχθων τοιοῦτό' ἱστᾶσιν ἡσυχῶς ἔχειν
 ἀναψυχὴν μικρὰν μὲν αὐταρκῇ δ' ὅμως,
 ὅθεν πιναῖς Δεΐαισι Δελχθέντες πόνον
 λοιπῶν δι' ὥρων, κοινὸν ἀνθρώπων βάρος,
 φέροντες ἡξέμε', ὡς ὄναρ βίου μόνον,
 μάλιστα καρτεροῦσιν· ὡς δ' αὖτως βρότοις
 ἄλλοισι πράττειν τᾶργα τὰ ξωρισμένα
 εἴθ' ἡδονῆς δοκοῦσιν εἴτε πημονῆς·
 μίας γὰρ οὕτως ὀνόματ' αἰσθήσεως διπλᾶ
 καλοῦμεν, ἣν λόγῳ μὲν ἀλλάσσειν φιλεῖ
 πάθῃ φρενῶν ἄληκτος, ἀλλ' ἔργῳ μάτην
 βίου στοχαζόμεσθ' ἕκαστος ὀλβίου.

¹ Cf. Eur. Troad. 893, "a magic spell."

BYRON'S MARINO FALIERO.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Doge. You see me here,
 As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed,
 Defenceless man : and yesterday you saw me
 Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
 Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
 Robed in official purple, dealing out
 The edicts of a power which is not mine,
 Nor yours, but of our masters the patricians.
 Why I was there you know, or think you know ;
 Why I am *here*, he who hath been most wronged,
 He who among you hath been most insulted,
 Outraged and trodden on, until he doubt
 If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
 Asking of his own heart, what brought him here ?
 You know my recent story, all men know it,
 And judge of it far differently from those
 Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
 But spare me the recital, it is here,
 Here at my heart, the outrage—but my words,
 Already spent in unavailing plaints,

BYRON'S MARINO FALIERO.

IAMBICS.

Τέροντα μὲν τόνδ' ἄνδρα κάνοπλον τανῦν,
 ὡς ἀρτίως τις εἶπε, καὶ προελήματος
 ἐρᾷτ' ἄμοιρον· χυθεῖς δὲ καὶ τυραννικοῖς
 ἀρχὴν δόμοις ἄρχοντα τιμιωτάτην,
 τῶν δ' ἐκατὸν ὄντα προελέποντι κούρανον
 νήσων τέλειον, ξυὺν δὲ τοῖς ἀλούργοις
 τυραννίδος ψηφίσματ' ἐνδοτούμενον,
 οὐ τῆς ἐμῆς περ οὐδὲ τῆς ὑμῶν ἄρα,
 ἀλλ' ὅα τούτοις τοῖσι γενναίοις δοκεῖ,
 οἱ τῶνδε δεσπότες. Τῆς ἐκεῖ λόγον
 παρυσία· ἴστ' ἢ εἰδέναι δοκεῖτ' ἐπεὶ
 ἀλλ' ὅτι παθὼν νῦν ἦλθον, — ὅστις δὴ προτοῦ
 πλεῖστ' ἠοίκηται γ', ὅστις ἐξυξισμένος
 ὕβριν κακίστην καὶ πέδον πατούμενος
 αὐτῷ μύλις ξύνοιδεν εἰ σκώληξ γέ τοι
 ἢ μὴ πέφυκεν, — οὗτος ἀντ' ἐμοῦ λέγειν
 δύναϊτ' ἂν, αὐτὸν ἐρόμενος τοιαῦθ' ἄμα,
 ὡς δὴ τί δρᾶσων τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ πάρα.
 ὑμεῖς δὲ τὰτ' ἐμ' ἀρτίως — τίς δ' ἔσθ' ὅς οὐ ; —
 ἐξίστε πάντες ὡς ἔχει, γνώμαις δὲ καὶ
 τούτων κέρησθ' ἀλλαισιν, οἱ πιχεῶν χάριν
 κριταὶ κάθηντο καταγέλωτος, ἀλλ' ἄ μοι
 τὸ μὴ λέγειν ξύγγνωτε, τῇδε γὰρ τρέφω
 ὕβρισμα τοῦτ' ἐντοσθε κακῶϊας ἐμῆς.

Would only show my feebleness the more,
 And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
 And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
 With woman's weapons ; but I need not urge you.
 Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices,
 In this—I cannot call it commonwealth,
 Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince, nor people,
 But all the sins of the old Spartan state
 Without its virtues, temperance and valour.
 The lords of Lacedæmon were true soldiers,
 But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
 Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved ;
 Although dressed out to head a pageant, as
 The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves to form
 A pastime for their children. You are met
 To overthrow this monster of a state,
 This mockery of a government, this spectre,
 Which must be exorcised with blood,—and then
 We will renew the times of truth and justice,
 Condensing in a fair, free commonwealth
 No rash equality, but equal rights,
 Proportioned like the columns to the temple,
 Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
 And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
 So that no part could be removed without
 Infringement of the general symmetry.

ἀλλ' οἱ λόγοι χυθέντες εἰς τὸν ἄερα
 βοαῖς ἀκράντοις ἐμφανέστερόν γ' ἔμ' ἄν
 ἀμήχανον δείξειαν ὄντα, νῦν δ' ἐγὼ
 πάρειμ', ὅπως καὶ καρτεροῦς, κρέατος διδοῦς,
 πρὸς ἔργα κοῦ πρὸς τὰς γυναικείας μαχῆς
 τρέπω τέχνας, ἀλλ' οὔτι δεῖ μ' ὑμᾶς τρέπειν.
 καὶ τὰρ' ἐκάστου δημίῳ ἀμαρτιῶν
 ἐν τῇδ' ἔφνυ κάκ' οὐ λέγω κοινῇ πόλει
 οὐδ' οὖν βασιλίδι γ', οὔτε γὰρ δῆμος πάρα
 οὔτ' ἀρχὴς, ἀλλὰ πάντα τῶν πάλαι κακὰ
 τῶν Σπαρτιατῶν ὧδ' ἄμοιρα τῶν καλῶν,
 τῆς τ' ἐγκρατείας κἀρετῆς, ὁρμὴν ἔχει.
 Λακωνίδος γὰρ οἱ ποτ' ἄρξαντες φρένας
 ἀρείφατοι κάρτ' ἦσαν οἱ δὲ τῆςδὲ γῆς
 ἀεζῶς τρυφῶς, ἡμεῖς δὲ χῶς ἑλκωτες αὖ
 ὑβρίσμεθ'· ὣν ἐμοῦ τίς ἂν πάθει πλῆω
 ἢ δουλικώτερόν, ὄντος ἐν Δεατρικαῖς
 ὡς πρωταγωνιστοῦ γε καλλωπίσμασιν,
 ὅποτ' ἀθύρμαθ' οἱ πρὶν Ἑλλήνες τέκνοις
 δοῦλους ἐποιήσαντο πλησθέντας μέθης;
 καὶ μὲν ἔχουσιν ὧδ' ὑπερφυῶς πόλιν
 νῦν ὡς καὶ αἰετίζοντες εἰς ἐν ἥκατε,
 ὕπουλον ἀρχῆς σχῆμα, φασμα δεινόπουλον,
 ὃ πλὴν φόνους οὐκ ἐκθάλοιτ' ἄν, εἴτα δ' αὖ
 αἰὼν' ἀληθείας τε καὶ δίκης νέον
 κατὰζομεν, πᾶνδῆμον εἰς κοινωνίαν
 οὐ πάντα βουλαῖς ἐξισοῦντες ἄφροσιν
 ἀλλ' ἐνδίκως μετροῦντες, ὡς πρὸς τὸν νεῶν
 μόρφας ἔχουσι ξυμμέτρος οἱ κίονες,
 οὕτω δ' ἀμοιβαίαισιν ἀλλαγαῖς σθένος
 χάριν τε λαμβάνουσιν, ὥστε, τοῦ δόμου
 ἐάνπερ ἐξαρθῇ τι, τηνίκ' οἴχεται
 ἢ ξύμμετρος τοῦ παντὸς εὐαρμοστία.

EX HORATII EPISTOLIS.

B. I. 10.

Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
 Ruris amatores, hac in re scilicet unâ
 Multum dissimiles, ad cetera pæne gemelli,
 Fraternis animis, quidquid negat alter, et alter ;
 Annuimus pariter vetuli notique columbi.
 Tū nidum servas, ego laudo ruris amœni
 Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
 Quid quæris ? vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui,
 Quæ vos ad cælum effertis rumore secundo,
 Utque sacerdotis fugitivus liba, recuso :
 Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
 Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,
 Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primum,
 Novistine locum potiore rure beato ?
 Est ubi plus tepeant hyemes ? ubi gratior aura
 Leniat et rabiem Canis, et momenta Leonis,
 Quum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum ?
 Est ubi depellat somnos minus invida cura !

EX HORATII EPISTOLIS.

B. I. 10.

Χαίρειν μὲν ἄσπευος τὸν φιλοῦντ' ἀγροῦς φίλος
 Φοῦσκον κελεύω τῶδε γούν πλεῖστον μόνω
 ἐναντίοι, τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα σφύζουσι
 ὅντις γ' ἀληθεῖς, ταῦτ' ἀναιρόμεσθά τε
 καὶ νεύομεν δὴ σύμμοι περὶ στερραί.
 ἀλλ' οὔ σὺ μὲν σῆς ἀντέχει νεοσσίας,
 ἐγὼ δὲ δειδῶν ἐυσκίων λίθων τ' ἐρῶ
 λειχῆνι χλωρῶν καὶ λάλου ξείνων ψόρου.
 τί δὴ; τυράννου κάρτα ταῦτ' ἐθὺς λιπών
 ἄρχω βίου πρόθυμος, ἃ σὺ πολλοῖς ἀεί
 αἵρεις λόγους, ἐγὼ δὲ, χῶς μαστιγίας
 θυηπόλου τα πύπανα, πᾶς μυσάττομαι
 ἄρτου πλακούντων μᾶλλον ἡδίστων χυτῶ.
 ἀλλ' εἰ βιδῶναι ξυμμέτρως σε δεῖ φύσει,
 γύαις καλαῖς ἡσθεντα καὶ δόμῳ νέφ,
 τίς ἐστ' ἀμείνων ὀλβίας χῶρας τόπος;
 ποῦ δ' ἡμεροῦ χριμῶνας ἡπιωτέρη
 αὔρα, κυνὸς τε δεινὰ πρᾶννει θύρη
 λείοντά τ' αὐγαῖς ἡλίου μεμηνότα
 θέρμασι; ποῦ δὲ χῆδὺν ἐκείνουσ' ὕπνον
 ἥσσον μέριμναι; μὴ λίσσεται λείων

Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis ?
 Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
 Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum ?
 Nempe inter varias nutritur silva columnas,
 Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros.
 Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret,
 Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.
 Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
 Nescit Aquinatem potentia vellera fucum,
 Certius accipiet damnum, propiusve medullis,
 Quam qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum.
 Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
 Mutatæ quotient : si quid mirabere, pones
 Invitus : fuge magna : licet sub paupere tecto
 Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.
 Cervus equum pugnâ melior communibus herbis
 Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
 Imploravit opes hominis, frenumque recepit :
 Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
 Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.
 Sic qui, pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
 Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
 Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.
 Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calcens olim,
 Si pede major erit, subvertet ; si minor, uret.

ἤξει τί πως κάκιον ἢ λάμπει χλόη;
 ἢ τῶν λαλούντων ναμάτων ἀγροῶς ἐν
 μόλυβδος οὐκ πόλει γε καλλίους ἔχει
 ῥοάς; τί μὴν; μεταξὺ ποικίλων τρέφειν
 ὕλην δασεῖαν κίωνων, οἷκους ὅ' ἅμα
 χλόην ἄγρ' αὐλὸν τηλόθεν ὠρωμένους
 ἀνιστάναι φιλεῖται· καὶ γὰρ, ἣν βίη
 φύσιν παρώσθησθ', ἔμπαλιν τρεῖς ἄτερ
 ἤξει, λαθραίως δ' ἐκεῖθεν νικῶσ' ἄσας.
 βαφῆς δὲ Τυρίαε ὅστις οὐκ ἐπίσταται
 Ἀκουνίαν γε διαφύρουσαν, οὔτος οὐ
 πλεῖον κυρήσει ζημίας τοῦ μὴ εἰδότες
 τὸ ψευδὲς ὡς ἔπεισι τὰ ληθοῦς ἀεί.
 ὦσι δ' αὖτε λίαν ἥρ' εὐδοαίμων πότμος.
 ἀπὼν ἀνιῇ τοῦτον· οὐ τῶν πρὸς ἐκὼν
 ἀφίσεται τις θάυματον· σοὶ δ' οὖν λέγω,
 μέθες τὸ λίαν, ᾧ γὰρ ἔστ' οἶκος πένης,
 χρῆσθαι τυράνων ὀλιγωτέρᾳ τύχῃ
 ἔξεστι, χῶν τιμῶσιν. ἀλλ' ἵππον πάλαι
 ἀπήλασ' αὐτὸν ἔλαφος ἐκ κοινῷ πέδου,
 ἔως περ ὀππορὸς νηλεοῦς ἤσσης ὕπο,
 εἴξας χαλινῶς ἰσχυρὸν ἀνθρώπου πάρα
 βοηθὸν ἀντιθέξ' αὖτ'· ἀλλ' ἦδη καλὴν
 νίκην κρατήσας οὐδ' ἀπέελε δεσπότην
 οὐδ' ἡνίας ἀπώλεσ'· ὡσαύτως δόμον
 πένηθ' ὁ θεῖδων, οὐκ ἐλεούμερον γ' ἔτι
 χρυσῶν τ' ἄμεινον παντὸς ὑψέται φάος,
 τρέποις δὲ δοῦλον δεσπότην ἀεὶ τάλας

Lætus sorte tuâ vives sapienter, Aristi :
Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura
Cogere quam satis est, ac non cessare videbor.
Imperat, haud servit, collecta pecunia cuique,
Tortum digna sequi potius quam ducere funem.
Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ,
Excepto, quod non simul esses, cetera lætus.

Φεῦ βастάσει γ', ᾧ σμικρὸς οὐκ ἀρχεῖ βίος.
 καίτοι τὰ χρέη ματ' ἴσθι τὸν κεκτημένον,
 ὅπως πέδιλον, ἢ ποδὸς μετ' ἔζον σφαλοῦν
 ἢ μετ' ἔμπυρξεῖσιν· ἀλλ', ᾧ φίλτατε,
 σοφῶς βιώσει τὸν γε σὸν στέργων βίον·
 σὲ δ' αὖ κολλάζειν καὶ μεθεῖν, πλεῖστον τύχης
 μοχλοῦντ' ἀπαύστῳ τῇς καθηκούσης πόνῳ.
 πάντων γὰρ ἄρχων πλοῦτος, οὐ δοῦλος γ' ἔφυ,
 οὐχ ὅς ἐλκεῖν σχολῆον, ἐλκεσθαι δ' ὅμως.
 ταῦτ' οὖν Βακούνης ἐγγὺς ἀρχαίου νεώ
 γράφω, γεγηθὼς πάντα σοῦ δ' ἀποστερείς.

BYRON'S SARDANAPALUS.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Sard.—She's firm. My fathers ! whom I will rejoin,
 It may be, purified by death from some
 Of the gross stains of too material being,
 I would not leave your ancient, first abode
 To the defilement of usurping bondmen ;
 If I have not kept your inheritance
 As ye bequeathed it, this bright part of it,
 Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics
 Of arms and records, monuments and spoils,
 In which *they* would have revelled, I bear with me
 To you in that absorbing element,
 Which most personifies the soul, as leaving
 The least of matter unconsumed before
 Its fiery workings :—and the light of this
 Most royal of funeral pyres shall be,
 Not a mere pillar formed of cloud and flame,
 A beacon in the horizon for a day,
 And then a mound of ashes, but a light
 To lesson ages, rebel nations, and
 Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full many
 A people's records and a hero's acts ;

BYRON'S SARDANAPALUS.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

"Hδ' ἐμπεδοῖς κάρτε' ἐστίν. Οὐδ' ὃ' ἤξω πάρα,
 ὦ Νεοὶ πατρῶοι, Διανασίμων τελῶν ὑπο
 κακῶν τι τοῦδε σώματος μαισμάτων
 ἴσω· καθαρῶν δέ, οὐποτ' ἂν δόμους ἐχῶ
 οὐδ' ἐπρόσθεν ὑμεῖς ἔσχετ', ἐκδοίην ἐκῶν
 δοῦλῶν μολῶναι τῇδ' ἀφ' ἐστῶτων σπάσει.
 εἰ δ' οὔν, ἑποῖον κτῆμα πρῶτον ἦλθ' ἐμοί,
 Δησαυρὸν οἰκίαν τε καὶ τοῦ πρὶν κλέους
 μνήμην παλαιὰν ζῶν καλῇ σκῦλων Δία
 ὁπλοισί δ' ἅ' ἔφορῆτε γενναίως, ἐφ' οἷς
 οὔτοι γ' ἐκαλῶναιτ' ἂν ὀγκησαῖς φρεσίν,—
 εἰ μὴ τὰδ' ἐξέσωσα λάμπρ' ὑμῶν χάριν,
 ὅμως πρὸς ὑμᾶς παμφάγον ζῶν τοῖσδ' ἄρῳ
 ἄρ' ὀρῶσιν εἰς πῦρ· τοῦτο γὰρ πλεῖστον βίῃ
 νικῶν φλογωπῶν φθαγὰ, τὴν ψυχῆς φύσιν
 σαφ' ἐστ' ἐκδοίκεν, τῇσδ' ὃ' ἔκδοτον
 φέγγος πυρᾶς, (ἥς τίς ποτ' ἐμπρεπεστέρα
 πεσόντι βασιλεῖ;) φλογὶν οὐ κελήσεται
 καπνῷ τε κίων ζυμμιγῆς, ὅστις πρὸς
 ὧς πυρὸς ἡμεῖς μὲν αἰθέρος διὰ
 φλῆξι βραχέαν εἶτα ὃ' εἰς αἰὲρ σποδός.

Sweep empire after empire, like this first
Of empires, into nothing ; but even then
Shall spare this deed of mine and hold it up
A problem few dare imitate, and none
Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life
Which led to such a consummation.

οὐ δῆτα· κελό γ' ἐν χρόνοις αἰωνίοις
 τοῖς μὲν τυράννοις δυσκλείει ζῶντας τρυφῇ
 σέλας διδάξει τοὺς δ' ἀφ'εστῶτας στρατούς.
 καὶ μὲν προΐάνων πᾶσαν ἂν μνήμην λείω
 ἄνδρων τ' ἔπαινον εὐκλείων χρόνος σέεσαι,
 εἰς τ' οὐδὲν, οἷα τήνδ' ἐπὶ πρῶτην τανῦν,
 ἀρχὰς ἐπ' ἀρχαῖς βασιλικὰς μίξειεν ἄν,
 ὅμως δ' ἄδικτον καὶ τότ' ἐκλιπὼν τόδ' ἐ
 τόλμημα τοῖς ἔπειτα τοῦμὸν ἐκφανεῖ,
 ὃ γ' ἐν φόβοις ἔξουσιν πολέμοισι δ' οὐ,
 ἴσως δὲ μιντ' ἀν εἰσαβλήσαντες τὰ πρὶν
 τοιοῦδ' ἀμύναιντ' αἰτίας τέλους σοφοί.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

VOL. I. p. 17.

“ The sources of the noblest rivers which spread fertility over continents, and bear richly-laden fleets to the sea, are to be sought in wild and barren mountain-tracts, incorrectly laid down in maps, and rarely explored by travellers. To such a tract the history of our country during the thirteenth century may not inaptly be compared. Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed, that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders,—islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that constitution, which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity: that constitution, of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK PROSE.

Τῶν καλλίστων ποταμῶν, τῶν εὐφρόνους μὲν ποιούντων ἡπείρους,
 ναῦς δὲ πλουσίως γεμούσας εἰς θάλασσαν ἀγόντων, ζητητέαι εἰσὶν αἱ
 πηγαὶ ἐν ὀρειναῖς χώραις, ἀνημέροις τε οὖσαις καὶ στείραις, εἰς αἷς ἐν
 καταγρεφαῖς χώραις οὐκ ἀκριβοῶς διωρισμένας σπανίως ἐπιφοιτῶσιν οἱ
 τὰς ὁδοπορίας ποιοῦμενοι. Τῇ τοιαύτῃ χώρᾳ ἡ Ἀγγλικὴ ὑγγρο-
 ρή, οὐκ ἂν ἀπεικότως ἀπεικάζοιτο ἢ κατὰ τὴν τρίτην καὶ δεκάτην
 ἑκατονταετηρίδα.—ἐν ἐκείνῳ γὰρ χρόνῳ μορῶν ἐξήκω περ ὄντι καὶ
 ἀσαφεῖ ἐξεταστέον ἐστὶν ὑπόθεν ἐπὶ τοσόνδε ἡυξήθημεν ἐλευθερίας καὶ
 εὐπείρας καὶ δόξης. Τότε γὰρ τὸ μέγα ἔθνος ἐσχηματίζετο τὸ
 Ἀγγλικόν, καὶ τὰ τοῦ ἔθνους ἥδη ἰδιόζουσαν ἤρχετο ἔχειν φύσιν, ἔτι
 καὶ νῦν ὑπάρχουσιν, καὶ οἱ πατέρες ἡμῶν ἐγένοντο ὡς ἀληθῶς οὐ μόνον
 κατὰ θέσιν νησιῶται, ἀλλὰ καὶ κατὰ πολιτείαν τε καὶ τρόπους καὶ ἔθνη.
 Τότε καὶ σαφεῖς τὴν κατάστασιν ἐλάμεινε τὰ κοινά, ἥ ἀπὸ τούτου
 πόλλων τῶν μεταβολῶν οὐδῶν αἰεὶ ἡ αὐτὴ διαμεμένηκε· καὶ ταύτης τῆς
 πολιτείας αἱ μὲν τῶν ἄλλων ἐλευθέρων χωρῶν μιμήσεις εἰσὶν, αὐτὴ δὲ,
 καίπερ ἐλλείπουσά τι, δόξαν ἔχειν ἀξία ἐστὶν ὡς παντὶ μεγάλῳ δῆμῳ
 ὅια τέ ἐστιν ἄριστα ξυμφέρειν εἰς χρόνιαν βεβαιότητα. Τότε πρῶτον
 ἕνῃθεν ἡ τοῦ πλήθους βουλὴ, καθ' ὃ παρὰδειγμα κατέστησαν αἱ

archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors, who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports, first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical indeed than the languages of the south, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to that of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England."

ὕπτερ τοῦ πλήθους πρᾶσσουσαι ἐκκλησίαι αἱ τε ἐν τῇ παλαιᾷ ἡπείρῳ καὶ ἐν τῇ νέᾳ. Τότε ἡ τῶν κοινῶν νόμων θείσις εἰς ἀξίωσιν ἤρθη, ἐν βραχεῖ ὁὐ οὔσα οὐκ ἀναξίως ἀντίπαλος τῇ τῶν βασιλικῶν. Τότε οἱ τὰ φαῦλα σκάφη πληρώσαντες τῶν πέντε λιμένων ναῦται ἀνδρεῖται γενομένοι θεινὸν ἐποίησαν ἐπὶ τῇ θαλάσῃ τὸ τῆς Ἀγγλίας παράσημον. Τότε ἐκτίσθη μουσεῖα τὰ παλαιότατα τῶν ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς παιδείας πόλεις ἐπιόντων. Τότε καθειστήκει ἡ νῦν γλῶσσα, ἥ τῆς τῶν πρὸς νότον χωρῶν ἦσσαν ὁὐ μελική ἐστιν, ἀλλὰ θυνάμει τε καὶ λόγων εὐπορία καὶ τῷ εἶναι ἐπιτηδεῖαν εἰς πάσας τὰς χρείας ποιητῶν καὶ φιλοσόφων καὶ ἑητόρων ὑπερέξει τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς μόνον. Τότε πρῶτον ἀμαυρώς μὲν ἐπεφάνη ὁ ἐπίσημος γραμμάτων τάξις, ἡ πολλῶν οὐσῶν τῶν τῆς Ἀγγλίας τιμῶν λαμπροτάτη ὁὐ ὑπάρχει καὶ μονιμωτάτη.

BYRON'S MANFRED.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Glorious orb ! the idol
 Of early nature, and the vigorous race
 Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
 Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
 More beautiful than they, which did draw down
 The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.—
 Most glorious orb, that wert a worship, 'ere
 The mystery of thy making was revealed !
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
 Which gladdened on their mountain tops the hearts
 Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
 Themselves in orisons ! Thou material God,
 And representative of the Unknown—
 Who chose thee for his shadow ! Thou chief star !
 Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our earth
 Endurable, and temperest the hues
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !
 Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,
 And those who dwell in them ! For near or far,
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,

BYRON'S MANFRED.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Ω τῶν ἐν οὐρανοῖσιν ἀστέρων πολὺ
 κάλλιστε, χαῖρ', ὦν, ἡνίκ' ἦν νέα φύσις,
 Δεῖλαισι τιμαῖς ἄνοσον ἀνθρώπων γένος
 σέθεν γέγηθεν· αἱ δὲ τῶν ὕδων Δεοῦ
 κοινῇ γυναικῶν τ' ἐκ καλῶν πεφυκότες,
 αἱ διαφερόσῃ καλλόνῃ πεπληγμένους
 οὕτως ἐκήλουν, ὥστε μήποτ' ἔμπαλιν
 ἐξῆν ἀνελθεῖν οὐρανόν φεδρὸς Ὀλβιον,
 γίγαντες ἦσαν τῶν τότ' ἀλκιμώτατοι
 σέεας σὺ ὅτ' ἐκ κατέλαες ἀνθρώπων πάτρα
 οὐπω τι τῇν σὴν εἰδότες ἀρχὴν ὄθεν
 μεγάλου δὲ πρῶτος ἦσθ' ὑπερῆτης Δεοῦ,
 τὸ χάριμα Χαλδαίοισι ποιμέσιν Βαβυλῶν,
 ἀκρῶν, σέεουσί σ' ἐξ ὄρων, ἐς καρδίαν
 χέων, ἐς εὐχὰς ὥστ' ἀναγκάσαι γένιν.
 ὦ Δεὸς ὀρεατὸς· ὦ μόνος βροτοῖσι δοῦς
 τοῦ γυνῶτος ἔκασμ', ὃς σκίαν αὐτοῦ ποτε
 σὴν ἔκτισ' ἀκτὴν· ὦ δυναστεύων μέγα
 φώτων ἀπάντων καὶ κύκλῳ σουτὸν πέρι
 πολλοὺς ἐλίσσων ἀστέρους, βολαῖσι σαῖς
 ὃς τῆςδὲ τῆς γῆς πάντα τ' ἄγαθ' ἔκτισας,
 ὅσους δ' ἐπεῖθες, πάντας ἠλ.λαῖας χροῶν

Even as our outward aspects :—thou dost rise
And shine and set in glory. Fare thee well !
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look : thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone :
I follow.

φρένας δ' ὁμοίως. Καὶ σὺ τῶν ὠρῶν πατήρ,
 χθόνων τε πασῶν τῶν τ' ἐνοικούντων ἀναξ
 καλεῖ κράτιστος· ἄγχι σοῦ γὰρ ἡ μακρὰν,
 οἶον τό γ' ἔξω σῶμα, τὴν ἔσω φύσιν
 χρωπιζόμεσθ' ἕκαστος. Ὡς λαμπρὰν ἄγων
 αἶγλην ἀνίσχεις καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν δρῶμον
 τρέχεις τελεῖς τ'. ὦ χαῖρέ μοι τανῦν· σὲ γάρ
 οὐκ ὑψομαί ποτ' αὖθις, ὡς δὲ σοῦ "νεκα
 ἔρω με πρῶτον θαῦμά δ' ἤρπασεν φρένας,
 οὕτω βλέπω σε λοίσδιόν γ'. οὐδ' ἔστιν ᾧ,
 βίον τε πλεῖον χῶτι θερμαίνει φύσιν
 κεκτημένῳ πρὸς ὅλεθρον, ἀκτῆάς ποτ' ἄν
 τὰς σὰς ἐφείη· ἀλλὰ γὰρ δέουκέ μοι.

FINIS.

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LYRA LATINA

OR

TRANSLATIONS INTO VARIOUS KINDS OF

LATIN VERSE

BY

Edward R.
E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D.

EDITOR OF HORACE; AUTHOR OF THE



"EXERCITATIONES IAMBICÆ," &c.

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MDCCCL.



TO
SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, BART.

PROFESSOR OF METAPHYSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF EDINBURGH, &c.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I HAD hoped ere now to have inscribed the expression of my respect and esteem for you upon the page of a larger volume; but, as circumstances with which you are acquainted have caused me to postpone the publication of that work, I feel anxious to guard against other disappointments by offering you at once even this unassuming "brochure" of Translations, as a testimony no less of my warm gratitude for the friendship with which you have honoured me, than of my profound admiration for one, upon whose brow rests the double wreath awarded by the consenting voice of Britain, France, and Germany, attesting triumphs won alike in the field of Metaphysical Philosophy, and in that of Classic Erudition.

I am,

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

Very truly and respectfully yours,

E. R. HUMPHREYS.

LYRA LATINA

OR

TRANSLATIONS INTO LATIN VERSE.

DISENCHANTMENT.

BY DELTA.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—NOV. 1840.)

ALTHOUGH from Adam stained with crime,
 A halo girds the path of time,
 As 'twere things humble with sublime,
 Divine with mortal blending,
 And that which is with that which seems,—
 Till blazoned o'er were Jacob's dreams
 With Heaven's angelic hosts, in streams
 Descending and ascending.

Ask of the clouds, why Eden's dyes
 Have vanished from the sunset skies?
 Ask of the winds, why harmonies
 Now breathe not in their voices?
 Ask of the Spring, why from the bloom
 Of lilies comes a less perfume?
 And why the linnet 'mid the broom
 Less lustily rejoices?

Silent are now the sylvan tents;
 The elves to airy elements
 Resolved are gone: grim castled rents
 No more show demons gazing
 With evil eyes on wandering men;
 And, where the dragon had his den
 Of fire within the haunted glen,
 Now herds unharmed are grazing.

DISENCHANTMENT.

TRANSLATED INTO THE METRE OF HORACE'S ODE I. 6.

"Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?"

Ex quo primus Adam se scelere dedit,
 Ætas ingrediens quæque per aureos
 Splendores superis temperat infera,
 Terrenumque sacro decus,
 Et verâ dubiam mentis imaginem :
 Dum tandem ætheriâ cœlicolæ domo
 Labentes gradibus somnia lucidis
 Jacobi innumeri beant.

Cur nunc non eadem gloria, quæ, novâ
 Jam tellure, dies occiduos tulit ?
 Cur non dulcisonâ voce per æthera
 Gratos aura ciet modos ?
 Cur et suave minus, Ver, tua lilia
 Delectant animum ? Cur minus acria
 Rusci flore super verna avis aureo
 Cantus gaudia suscitât ?

Divorum exiguum nunc abiit genus,
 Cordi quis fuerant frondiferi lares,
 Auræ par tenui : non oculis feris
 Ruptas per veterum arcium
 Rimas Tartarei jam lemures vagum
 Terrent ; perque nigros anguis et horridos
 Saltus ignivomi gramina nunc virent ;
 Errantque intrepidi greges.

No more, as horror stirs the trees,
 The path-belated peasant sees
 Witches, adown the sleety breeze,
 To Lapland flats careering;
 As on through storms the sea-kings sweep,
 No more the kraken huge, asleep,
 Looms like an island 'mid the deep,
 Rising and disappearing.

No more, reclined by Cona's streams,
 Before the seer, in waking dreams,
 The dim funereal pageant gleams,
 Futurity foreshowing;
 No more, released from churchyard trance,
 Athwart blue midnight spectres glance,
 Or mingle in the bridal dance,
 To vanish ere cock-crowing.

Alas! that Fancy's fount should cease!—
 In rose-hues limned, the myths of Greece
 Have waned to dreams—the Colchian fleece,
 And labours of Alcides:—
 Nay, Homer, even thy mighty line—
 Thy living tale of Troy divine—
 The sceptic scholiast doubts if thine,
 Or Priam, or Pelides!

As silence listens to the lark,
 And orient beams disperse the dark,
 How sweet to roam abroad, and mark
 Their gold the fields adorning:

Non jam Lapponicum rusticus ad gelu,
 Quassas dum glaciem nimbus in arbores
 Urget, rite veli devius aspicit

Sagarum socias manus.

Non jam Craconia in gurgite bellua
 Arctoo recubans æquoreis metum
 Inmittit ducibus, nunc nimio arduus

Collo, nunc sub aquas ruens.

Nec Conas ad aquas dum vigil excubat
 Vates, ante oculos somnia prodeunt
 Pompæ funereæ, nuntia lugubri

Venturæ augurio necis.

Nec ruptis tumuli compedibus volant
 Noetis per medium spectra silentium,
 Aut festæ sociant se choreæ, vigil

Dum gallus revocet diem.

Heu! cessant fluere! heu! mella poetica!
 Graiorum et roseis tincta leporibus
 Non distant levibus dulcia somniis

Commenta. Herculeos toros

Vellusque Æolium iudicium abnegat
 Austerum critici: te quoque respuit,
 Magne O Mæonida! quosque canis viros,

Et regnum Priami vetus.

Plenâ ut captat avis voce silentium,
 Eoum et tenebras extenuans jubar
 Illustrat radiis puniceis agros,

Suave est ire vago pede.

But, when we think of where are they,
 Whose bosoms like our own were gay
 While April gladdened life's young day,
 Joy takes the garb of mourning.

Warm-gushing through the heart come back
 The thoughts that brightened boyhood's track :
 And hopes, as 't were from midnight black,
 All star-like re-awaken ;
 Until we feel how, one by one,
 The faces of the loved are gone,
 And grieve for those left here alone,
 Not those who have been taken.

The past returns in all we see,
 The billowy cloud and branching tree ;
 In all we hear—the bird and bee
 Remind of pleasures cherish'd :
 When all is lost it loved the best,
 Oh ! pity on that vacant breast,
 Which would not rather be at rest,
 Than pine amid the perish'd !

A balmy eve ! The round, white moon
 Emparadises midmost June,
 Tune trills the nightingale on tune :—
 What magic, when a lover,
 To him, who now, gray-haired and lone,
 Bends o'er the sad sepulchral stone
 Of her, whose heart was once his own :
 Ah ! bright dream, briefly over !

At mens præteritos quum revocans dies,
 Vitæ donec erat vernus honor, ciet
 Festivæ socios lætitiæ, dolor
 Pellit gaudia lugubris :

Almâ quæ teneram luce puertiam
 Foverunt, animo sese iterum inferunt ;
 Ut stellæ e tenebris ætheriis micant,
 Sic spes regreditur prior :
 Dum caros alium post alium truci
 Raptos percipimus funere ; protinus
 Non tantum emeritos plangimus, at magis
 Quos vita a sociis tenet.

Quodcumque aspicitur, præteritum refert,
 Seu nubes gravidæ, seu patulæ arbores :
 Immo, omnes sonitus aut aviū aut apum
 Reddunt gaudia pristina.
 Quis tristem miseri non doleat vicem,
 Qui, quum mors adimit quicquid amabile est,
 Mortis non requiem valdius expetat,
 Quam mœrore premi pigro?

Quum noctem lepidis deliciis lavat
 Æstivam orbe nitens Cynthia candido,
 Et cantus querulos lusciniæ ciet,
 Tunc se quam validâ libens
 Vincitum sensit amans compede ! Nunc senex
 Solusque et tremulus tempore, considet
 Dilectæ ad tumulum virginis, irrita
 Cordis somnia conquerens !

See, how from port the vessel glides,
 With streamered masts, o'er halcyon tides ;
 Its laggard course the sea-boy chides,
 All loath that calms should bind him ;
 But distance only chains him more,
 With love-links, to his native shore,
 And sleep's best dream is to restore
 The home he left behind him.

To sanguine youth's enraptured eye,
 Heaven has its reflex in the sky ;
 The winds themselves have melody,
 Like harp some seraph sweepeth ;
 A silver decks the hawthorn bloom,
 A legend shrines the mossy tomb,
 And spirits throng the starry gloom,
 Her reign when Midnight keepeth.

Silence o'erhangs the Delphic cave ;—
 Where strove the bravest of the brave,
 Nought met the wandering Byron, save
 A lone, deserted barrow :
 And Fancy's iris waned away,
 When Wordsworth ventured to survey,
 Beneath the light of common day,
 The dowie dens of Yarrow.

Little we dream, while life is new,
 And Nature fresh and fair to view,
 When throbs the heart to pleasure true,
 As if for nought it wanted,—

Tranquillas per aquas fulgida tæniis
 E portu vehitur navis ; at increpat
 Venti nauta moras impatiens pigri,
 Et velum haud tumidum satis :
 Verum, quo rapitur longius, acrior
 Terræ crescit amor : Jam patrios agros
 Et vidisse juvat tecta humilis casæ
 In somnis bene reddita.

Mente ardens calidâ semper amat puer
 Cœlestes monitus fingere in æthere ;
 Venti nam referunt dulce lyræ melos
 Tactæ cœlicolûm choris :
 Maii flos hilaris candidus enitet
 Argento ; tumulos fabula consecrat ;
 Et noctis tenebras sidereæ frequens
 Transit cœlicolûm cohors.

Nunc et turpe tacent omnia Delphica ;
 Qua pubes cecidit pro patriâ ferox,
 Byroni cumulus pulvereus vago
 Dixit reliquias sacras :
 Alter Jarroviæ concava quæsiit
 Vates cum studio vallis : at, inclytas
 Doctis quas cecinit Musa prior modis,
 Fugerunt veneres cito.

Dum jam vita recens floret, et insciis
 Arrident pueris omnia : dum suâ
 Mens audax ope nos indociles rapit
 In vitæ illecebras breves :

That, year by year, and ray by ray,
 Romance's sun-light dies away,
 And, long before the hair is gray,
 The heart is disenchanted !

“ THE THREE CALLERS,”

By CHARLES SWAIN.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover-dew ;
 She calls, but he still thinks of nought save playing,
 And so she smiles and waves him an adieu !
 Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
 Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more !

NOON cometh : but the boy, to manhood grown,
 Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
 One fair, young face from bower of jasmine glowing,
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm !
 So Noon unnoticed seeks the western shore,
 And man forgets that Noon returns no more !

NIGHT tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
 With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low,
 By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
 O'er pleasures gone, as all Life's pleasures go.
 Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door
 Silent and dark—and he returns no more !

Non pulchram speciem, quam sibi mens facit,
 Sensim posse mori credimus : at prius
 Heu ! vinculum magicum distrahitur, viam
 Quàm vitæ mediam advenit.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

" Quicquid adest, transit ; quod manet, ecce venit ! "

DAMIANI EPITAPH.

LUDO jocosò captus in aureis
 Securus agris errat et inscius
 Infans futurorum : atque amœna
 Floribus ah ! nimis occupatum
 AURORA frustra blanditiis ciet :
 Sic molle ridens haud reditura abit.
 Incautus et labentis horæ
 En ! juvenis monitus dici
 Non curat almos jam mediæ ; nemus,
 Pulchrâ puellæ ductus imagine
 Unius, atque umbras odoro
 Flore petit gravidas, recessum
 Divæ monentis non revocabilem
 Oblitus. Eheu ! corpore quum senex
 Canusque curvato tremiscit
 Ad cineres morientis ignis,
 Lapsæque versat tristia somnia
 Vitæ : fenestras lene movens, malis
 Nox evocat diris volentem :
 Non iterum venit ipse demum.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,

CANTO II., STANZA 57.

But what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
 When sickens health, and spirits go amiss?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given!
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
 Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
 While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O! who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind:
 The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find:
 See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce
 breeds?

But here, instead, is fostered every ill
 Which or distempered minds or bodies know.
 Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
 Your talents here. This place is but a show,
 Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN HEXAMETERS.

QUID prosunt agris, quum corpus percipit omne
 Morbus edax mentemque, Dei largissima dona,
 Quæ potiùs vexant? Sano nam corpore solùm
 Ipse boni capitur sensus membrisque vigore
 Tentatis agili. Lethalis vortice pestis
 Mergitur, ignavo qui corpore (discite causam!)
 Per vitam repit: sed quem ludove virili
 Fecerit aut operi consuetum strenuus usus,
 Is purâ potitur mente et per libera sanguis
 Membra meat fervens. At gaudia dicere vere
 Omnia quis possit, queis sanum robur abundet?
 Claram nil mentem, nil lætos prægravat artus:
 Lucifer his lucem referens furtivus amœnam
 Fert et lætitiâ, curisque serena remotis
 Vespera finitur. Sic et perfundit alacri
 Muta voluptatis sensu pecora hora salubris,
 Ut, simul ac Maius vernas revocaverit auras
 Florifer, exultum nimio per prata ruentes
 Luxurient saltu. Quonam hæc lascivia tanta,
 Firma valetudo si non penetraverit artus?
 Hic tamen, O miseri, nutrit locus omnia dira,
 Quot morbo corpus cruciant mentemque maligno.
 Exitione igitur tam fœda ignavia mentem
 Corruptit tardo? Cito, amici, surgite: vos hic
 Falsa voluptatis species, mox subdola longos
 Raptura in gemitus, fallit; me, me duce tutâ.

Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow
Sincere as sweet : come, follow this good knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps ;
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,
The world is poised, and managed mighty states ;
To high discovery some, that new-creates
The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;
Some to the rural reign and softer fates :
To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart :
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

Quâ florent sine sente rosæ, qua nullus in herbâ
Delitet anguis, erit via vobis. Gaudia veræ
Pura voluptatis jam nunc captate, bonoque
Huic Equiti parete duci : sic semper et olim
Jam faustum adventum læto memorabitis ore.
Regibus hi coram stabunt, hi nobile fortes
Imperium accipient belli, magnive senatus :
Hos, ubi communi graviter de nocte saluti
Consultitur mediâ, pacesque et bella potentis
Panguntur populi, et regnorum legibus alta
Res agitur, dux ille feret : sub sole remoto
Ignotas alii terras mercisve luerosæ
Audaces pretium quærent ; vel in otia ruris
Inducet quosdam fugientes aspera vitæ ;
Necnon ad doctas artes Musasque canoras,
Quos fovet ingenium sapiens, extollet. Eamus ;
Omnis erit vobis naturæ gloria et artis !

“THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.”

BYRON.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give, like that it takes
 away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull
 decay;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which
 fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself
 be past !

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of hap-
 piness,
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess ;
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
 The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch
 again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
 comes down ;
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountains of our tears,
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
 appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
 the breast
 Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
 hope of rest ;

“THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

AUFERT iniquum gaudia tempus, et
Non dat vicissim. Torpida ut irruunt
Primo juventutis calori
Frigora, non rosei genarum

Cedunt rubores, sed prius irrita
Promissa cordis florea decidunt,
Matura quam marcescit ætas.
Naufraga sic duce mens remoto

In caeca culpæ labitur, aut mare
Delata in altum jam minor asperis
Libidinum luctatur undis :
Scilicet ipsa et acus procellæ

Infida cessit, ceu laceris solum
Fortasse velis longius indicat.
Tunc languor irrepit per ima,
Mortis uti nebulæ tenaces.

Præcordia ; exinde alterius vicem
Plorare acerbam non datur aut suos
Versare mœrores ; nec ortu
Jam saliunt lacrymæ e gelato ;

Claro relucet nil oculo nisi
Concreta roris stilla. Jocus licet
Salsique verborum lepores
Contineant mediæ inquietos

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
beneath.

O ! could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished
scene ;—

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,

So 'midst the withered waste of life, those tears would
flow to me !

Noctis dolores, intus adhuc viget
Vulnus lateescens, turris uti tegunt
 Nutantis antiquos hiatus
 Sæpe hederæ virides tuenti
Tritoque subter stipite pallida.
O! si rediret pristinus ille nunc
 Sensus, diesque almos liceret
 Præteritæ revocare vitæ,
Et lapsâ, ut olim, gaudia lacrymâ
Deflere, arenis sicut in aridis
 Visa unda, sic tabente vitâ
 Efflueret lacryma illa dulcis.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS,

CANTO II., STANZA 28.

WITHIN the place of thousand tombs,
 That shine beneath, while dark above
 The sad, but living cypress glooms,
 And withers not, though branch and leaf
 Are stamped with an eternal grief,
 Like early, unrequited love ;—
 One spot exists, which ever blooms,
 E'en in that deadly grove—
 A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale :
 It looks, as painted by Despair—
 So white, so faint,—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high :
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands, more rude than wintry sky,
 May wring it from the stem—In vain !
 To-morrow sees it bloom again !
 The stalk some spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears :
 For well may maids of Helle deem
 That this can be no earthly flower
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
 And buds unsheltered by a bower ;
 Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower,
 Nor woos the Summer beam :

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

TRANSLATED INTO ELEGIACS.

EST locus, incingunt ubi mille micantia busta
 Cupressi; circum lugubris unda meat :
 Nulla perit, sed, uti non mutua flamma puella,
 Æterni vivens signa doloris habet.
 Hic tamen insignis semper pars floribus una est,
 Cognita pallenti mitis honore rosæ.
 Tristiter alba caput demissum et languida flectit ;
 Hanc desperantem spem posuisse putes.
 Auris et levibus facilis coma præda videtur,
 Et frustra rapidi turbinis ira ferit ;
 Et licet hanc carpat manus æthere sævior acri,
 Crastina lux ambit pallidam, ut ante, rosam :
 Hellespontiacis tu fidens crede puellis ;
 Florem, sic perhibent, abdita nympha fovet.
 Nonne quidem ille viget lacrymis cœlestibus altus,
 Quem lædit trucibus nulla procella minis ?
 Qui non hospitio tectus, mala frigora ridet ?
 Sole nec æstivo roreque veris eget ?
 Circum nocte volans totâ, celataque visu,
 Semper mira ciet flebile carmen avis :
 Quæ velut Elysæ lyra pollice virginis icta,
 Mentem dulcisenso protenus ore rapit.
 Tam molles, tacitæ quum nocti mœsta querelas
 Impertit, numeros non Philomela sonat.
 In tumultis cantu fixus remorere potenti,
 Et plores, quasi te vexet inanis amor.

To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen, but not remote :
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houri strings
 His long entrancing note !
 It were the Bulbul, but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain :
 For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain !
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
 They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
 And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well !
 But when the day-blush bursts from high,
 Expires that magic melody,
 And some have been, who could believe
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame),
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable its sound
 Into Zuleika's name !

Deliciæ ire vetent ; illis tam blanda voluptas

Delitet in lacrymis, omnis abestque metus.

Omnibus invitis lux matutina rubescit,

Queis arguta animos illa querela tenet.

Nam simul ac radios per cælum Lucifer edit,

Vi magicum moritur deficiente melos.

Si qua fides dubiis,—juvenum quæ somnia mentes

Decipiunt, male nos increpuisse decet—

Sæpe notans Sulicæ vero discrimine nomen

Miscuit argutis vox queribunda modis.

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
 A song of pride !
 The youth went down to a hero's grave
 With the sword his bride !

He went with his noble heart unworn,
 And pure and high :
 An eagle stooping from clouds of morn
 Only to die.

He went with his lyre, whose lofty tone
 Beneath his hand
 Had thrilled to the name of his God alone,
 And his Fatherland !

And with all his glorious feelings yet
 In their first glow,
 Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
 To chain its flow.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays
 To turn the flight,
 And a guiding spirit for after-days,
 Like a watch-fire's light :

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

TRANSLATED INTO SAPPHICS.

NUNC viri fortis juvenisque sortem,
 Qui tenax ensis, quasi amans, timendum.
 Mortis intravit thalamum, superbo
 More canamus !

Integer cordis gravidusque flammâ
 Occidit cœlesti, aquilæque ritu
 Inferas, tantum rapiente fato,
 Quæsiit oras.

Abstulit dulces citharæ camœnas,
 Quas Dei solùm patriæque laudem
 In sacram terræ moderari amavit
 Pollice docto.

Occidit primâ calidus juventâ,
 Dum recens virtus animi vigescit :
 Qualis Australi glaciem sub axe
 Non timet annis :

Ille adhuc, tanquam tuba clara, cantu
 Prælium turmæ revocat fugacis :
 Posteror et, ceu vigil ignis alto
 Monte refulgens,

And a grief in his father's soul to rest
 'Midst all high thought ;
And a memory unto his mother's breast
 With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
 Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright
 In life and death !

A song for the death-day of the brave—
 A song of pride !
For him, that went to a hero's grave
 With the sword his bride !

Ad fidem ducet. Sita morte virtus
Vulnerat pectus patris atque matris :
At decus semper memorabile aerem
Mitigat ictum.

Non tuam famam temerabit unquam
Aura mortalium levis, usque pulchrâ
Sive per vitam tenebrisve in Orei
Luce micantem.

Sic viri fortis juvenisque sortem,
Qui tenax ensis, quasi amans, timendum
Mortis intravit thalamum, superbo
More canamus !

“ I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.”

By R. H. THATCHER.

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell ;
But then as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell :

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft, fresh gale of Spring !—

O ! not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the “ hoary head,”
When it enters the vale of years.—

Nor dearer 'mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.—

Wings, like a dove, to fly !
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife—
O ! for its home in the upper life !
When, when will Death draw nigh ?

“I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

Hotto.

“ Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit avida,
 Clastra carnis præsto frangi clausa quærit anima :
 Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur exul frui patria.”

DAMIANI.

Hic in tenebris mens latet abdita :
 Ast, ut soluto carcere lætior
 Festinat ad nidos volucris
 Arboreos viridemque silvam ;

Sic ipsa fessis functa laboribus
 Cœli volatu concava libero
 Diffindet, aura gestientis
 Instar avis radioque verno.

Illacrymantis non violam Hesperii
 Ros curvat almus pulchrius aspici,
 Collecta quam annorum pruina
 Tempora jam senioris ornat :

Non aura flenti litoris afferens
 Longinqui odores spirat amœnior,
 Quum tecta suspirat laremque,
 Per rabiem fremitusque ponti.

O ! si columbæ more levis volem !
 Mens lassa curis solvitur anxiis,
 Vitamque suspirat beatam :
 Cur mihi, Mors, dubitas venire ?

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST,

BOOK III., LINE 227.

The Son's Reply.

FATHER, thy word is passed : Man shall find grace ;
 And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?
 Happy for man so coming—he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone hath none to bring.
 Behold me then—me for him—life for life
 I offer—on *me* let thine anger fall !
 Account me man—I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well-pleased : On me let Death wreak all his rage ;
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquished ; Thou hast given me to possess
 Life in myself for ever ; by Thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
 All that of me can die ; yet, that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell :
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST,

BOOK III., LINE 227.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN HEXAMETERS.

DIXISTI, Genitor, tua fiet sacra voluntas.
 Quis dubitet, quin ipsa viam sibi gratia sumat,
 Præpete quæ cursu divini nuntia jussi
 Non precibus quæsita nec ullo limite ad omnes
 Circumscripta ferat veniam et solatia grata?
 O homines fortunati! qui lege supremi
 Regis non ullum violata quærere possent
 Auxilium, aut pretio culpam pænâve piare:
 Jam diro sceleris (miseri!) sunt vortice mersi.
 At me, me tibi nunc hominum vice mente libenti
 Objicio justum promptus sufferre furorem;
 Hinc, illos miserans, cœloque et honore secundo
 Et fulgore tuo cedens, mortalis amictum
 Assumam lætus carnis mortemque subibo:
 In me Mors iras simul omnes fundat acerba!
 Sed mortis, mihi enim semen mortale dedisti,
 Non longum in tempus tristi ditioe tenebor.
 Per Te vivo equidem. Nunc omnia debita pendens
 Addico corpus morti mortale potenti;
 Post tamen, immunem peccati labe nefandi
 Tartareo antè animum disrupto carcere solves,
 Quam tabes mollem corrumpat putrida carnis;
 Ut clarum de morte prius vincente triumphum
 Victor agam, falsæque levem præconia prædæ.

My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil :
Death his death-wound shall then receive and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeemed
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in Thy presence joy entire !

Imperium vero subversum multa gementem
Et stimulo evulso dejectam vulnere mortem
Mortifero feriam ; et vectus sublime per auras
Invitos Erebi reges vinctosque catenis
Ordine captivo ducam, quo motus honore
Me læto aspicias vultu. Dein hostibus atro
Omnibus interitu demissis Tartara mortis
Corpore devictæ saturabo, et in ætheris arces
Tempore post multo longâ comitante catervæ
Exitio ereptæ pompâ cum laudibus altis
Incedam rediens. Tunc, iræ nube fugatâ,
Cœlicolas facies tua pace et amore refulgens
Efficiet lætos : furor ævum cedit in omne ;
Nec minuet quicquam purissima gaudia cœli.

“ N O M O R E . ”

LINES COPIED FROM A NEWSPAPER, 1849.

“ No more ! ” O ! what unuttered grief
 Dwells in those chill, prophetic words !
 The tomb of every warm belief,
 They strike upon the heart’s deep chords
 Like the faint warning of a dream—
 The shadows from some mystic shore,
 Where jewels flash—where roses gleam—
 We hear the wailing tones—“ No more ! ”

“ No more ! ” The summer founts may throw
 Their music on the air ;
 The sunset lend its opal glow
 To skies that seemed before so fair !
 And such a flood of liquid light
 May rest on mount, and sea, and shore,
 As bathed old Ida’s classic height—
 Yet some low voice shall say—“ No more ! ”

“ No more ! ” Throughout the boundless earth
 They blend with Hope’s fallacious dream :
 They echo through the haunts of mirth,
 A whisper of the past they seem :
 Who hath not heard, ’mid light and song,
 ’Mid pageantry, and pride, and power,
 Those spirit-voices round him throng,
 That mock the glitt’ring festal hour ?

“NO MORE.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ELEGIACS.

QUUM vox auditur “Finis,” præsaus acerbi
 Spargitur inde mali per mea corda dolor :
 Jam tum spes unâ sepelit mens fervida cunctas ;
 Ina icti cordis debile fila sonant.
 Ignotis umbræ rupisse videntur ab oris,
 Quâ gemmæ splendent usque micantque rosæ ;
 Aut tanquam admonitus in somnis lene susurrant,
 Sic mæstos referunt talia verba sonos !

Ah ! licet argenteos æstate ardente sonores
 Lætior e gelidis fontibus aura vehat ;
 Ah ! licet et Phœbus sedes devexus ad imas
 In medio fessos murice pellat equos :
 Quæque olim tinxit memoratam vatibus Idam,
 Illa iterum blande lux juga cuncta lavet,
 Suaviter et fluctus per summos ludat et oras—
 Vox tamen his dicet languida “Finis adest !”

Quæ spes cunque sibi fallax insomnia fingit,
 His vox tetra sonos miscuit illa suos :
 Quâ jocus auditur lætus cantusque, pererrat—
 Præteritos credas hanc revocare dies.
 Quâ citharæ vigilesque faces genialia ducunt
 Festa, nitentque opibus tecta superba suis,
 Voces tam diras sibi quis non finxit adesse,
 Ridentes hilaris gaudia blanda domûs ?

The heart is but a wasting mine—
 An altar for some idol kept,
 Till o'er the desecrated shrine
 The storm-gust hath too rudely swept!
 A pedestal too wildly placed,
 Flooded by every passing wave—
 Recording vows so soon effaced—
 A temple reared upon the grave!

The pest-worm feeds upon the rose,
 The violet bears no deathless bloom:
 What tints our morning skies disclose!
 What darkness lingers round the tomb!
 What memories of buried love—
 What earnest tones forever fled—
 What yearnings for the world above—
 What lonely vigils with the dead!

Our dead! Can such a voice arise
 In rebel-grief upon the air?
 The hosts that fill th' eternal skies,
 What can *they* know of wo or care?
Our dead! O! who shall say "*our* dead?"—
 Released from this dark charnel-shore,
 Hath not th' immortal spirit fled
 To live, when time shall be *no more*?

Nil aliud, mihi crede, cor est, nisi marcida gaza :
 Est tanquam falsis ara sacrata Deis ;
 Cui, quamvis sacra sit, non pareit tangere tempus,
 Cumque gravi nimbo veeta ruina venit.
 Fluctibus in mediis temere est quasi fixa columna,
 Omnis quam vastis transilit unda minis :
 Illic votorum sculpuntur nomina frustra :
 Templum quis strueret, mors ubi avara latet ?

Sæpe fit erucis rosa præda voracibus atra :
 Fragrantis violæ pallida forma cadit ;
 Quàm varios ducit suavesque Aurora colores !
 Fœdas quàm tenebras mors odiosa gerit !
 Morte quis abreptos sævâ non plorat amores ?
 Et tot amicorum perdita verba dolet ?
 Discimus hinc cœli bona suspirare beati ;
 Hinc vigilare juvat, cara ubi forma sita est.

Ast ita cur querimur ? Cur vox funesta supernas
 In sedes misero missa dolore volat ?
 Nam quæ turba frequens cœlestes transiit oras,
 Horum animos unquam cura dolorve premit ?
 Hanc quoque cur nostram volumus ? Vox impia desit !
 Mens procul ad proprias viva volavit opes :
 Ex hominum properat communi læta sepulcro ;
 Nec, quum desierint tempora, morte cadet !

SONG BY BURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet ;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made *thee* mine !

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live !

When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part :
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart !—

SONG BY BURNS.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

NUNC primi amoris corda redux mea

O ! ter beatis deliciis dies

Incendit, atrox tunc procellis,

Vere tamen potior sereno.

Præstare possunt quid melius mihi

Naves onustæ mercibus Indicis ?

Quid purpura, aut regum coronæ ?

Te propriam mihi Dî dederunt !

Dum lucis almæ et noctis eunt vices,

Leposque vitæ permanet integer ;

Dum spe boni cœlestis ardet

Intima mens,—Tibi, amata, vivo !

Quum nostri amoris ferrea copulam

Lenita nullâ mors prece distrahet,

Tunc cuncta vanescet voluptas,

Corque meum lacerum interibit !

“ IF I WERE A VOICE.”

COPIED FROM A NEWSPAPER.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true !
 I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale or singing a song,
 In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of air,
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from despair :
 I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men,
 And teach them to look up again !

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
 I'd travel with the wind,
 And whenever I saw the nation torn
 By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,
 Or hatred of their kind—

“ IF I WERE A VOICE.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN SAPPHICS.

SINT mihi vires utinam potentis
Vocis, ut cursu celeri per orbem
Pervolem solis jubeamque cunctos
Quærere verum !

Per mare et terras, ubicunque genti
Incidam humanæ, juvet ire, facta
Rite laudantem bona, linguâ et acri
Prava vetantem.

Tum cito pernix velut aura cursu
Deferar tristes ubi sint malique,
Dulce lenimen memorans laborum
Spesque futuras.

Quâ coaretatum scelus atque egestas
Delitent, solis jubar ut beatum,
Decidens lapsos iterum docebo
Susplicere astra.

Arma quum cives videam moventes
Impios, linguæve malis citatos
Invidæ vectosque odium in cruentum,
Nitar in altos

I would fly, I would fly on the thunder-crash,
 And into their blinded bosoms flash;
 And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
 I'd teach them Christian brotherhood!

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
 I'd seek the kings of earth;
 I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
 And whisper words that should guide them right—
 Lessons of priceless worth.
 I would fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
 And tell them things they never heard—
 Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
 Unknown to the courtiers at their feet.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
 I'd speak in the people's ear,
 And whenever they shouted "Liberty!"
 Without deserving to be free,
 I'd make their error clear.
 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
 Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
 And making all the earth rejoice,
 If I were a voice, an immortal voice!

Nubium tractus tonitruque diro
 Desuper cæci colibens furores
 Pectoris cogam in sacra Christiani
 Vincula amoris !

Noctis amplexos vacuæ quietem
 Lenibus reges adiens susurris,
 Regulas vitæ doceam probas, et
 Aurea verba.

Ocyor pennâ rapidâ volucris,
 Ante non audita feram per auras,
 Regius quæ non comitatus audit,
 Semper at ætas

Dicit.—O si vox mihi sit perennis,
 Liberam indignis populo petenti
 Vocibus vitam, sua verba falsa
 Omnia nudem !

Omnis errores populi improbosque
 Detegam mores, ubicunque lata
 Tenditur tellus, resecans scelesta, et
 Gaudia firmans !

PASSAGE FROM YOUNG,

BOOK II.

O THOU ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
 Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
 That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
 Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

Ah ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 To scatter wide, or bury in the deep :
 Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
 And wholly dedicate my soul to thee !
 Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow
 At thy command, nor human motive know !
 If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
 Oh may my understanding ever read
 This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !
 Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride ?
 Who calls forth summer like a sparkling bride ?
 Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown ?
 And bids old Winter lay her honours down ?
 Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
 Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.

May sea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
 To bring the eternal Author to my mind !

PASSAGE FROM YOUNG, BOOK II.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN HEXAMETERS.

O Tu montanæ certâ qui pondera molis
 Definis trutinâ, forti pelagique furentes
 Arbitrio compescis aquas, fluctusque voracem
 In flammam versos, tempestatumque sonoras
 Indutos vires facili ditione gubernas ;
 Me miserum, quo non pejorem continet orbis,
 Me prostratum audi, totis membrisque trementem,
 Immensoque tuæ bonitatis munere fretum !

O trade annorum ventis delicta priorum
 Omnia, quæ late spargant, undisve profundis
 Æternum mersent ; O da mihi, Te nisi magnum,
 Meque videre nihil, cultuque addicere totam
 Mentem animumque tuo : frænis mihi finge vagantem
 Usque voluntatem strictis ; nutumque verenti
 Unius fervere tuum moresque peroso
 Humanos mihi sit, placidamque resumere pacem.
 O justæ positis sine cedam questibus iræ,
 Et sibi condignos sumant peccata rubores !
 Hoc erat in votis, opibus curâque benignâ
 Solari miseros, quasque infortunia cogant,
 Solvere sævitias ; digitisque volumina sacris
 Scripta tuis cupio purâ comprehendere mente.
 Virgineo texit quis veri florea sertâ ?
 Quis lepidas nuptæ veneres æstatis amor
 Fundit, et autumnos maternos apparatus auctus ?
 Aut hyemem posito marcescere jussit honore ?

When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul !
 When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine !

Through ev'ry scene of life, or peace or war,
 Plenty or want, thy glory be my care !
 Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine ?
 Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :
 Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,
 The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow ;
 'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
 And giv'st great ANNE thy sceptre o'er the North.

Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
 Open with prayer the consecrated day ;
 Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 And, with the morning sun, ascend the skies ;
 As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
 Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
 My endless worship shall be still begun.

Non ferus hoc potuit Turcus, Russive tyrannus
 Amplior imperii, nec quæ nunc arma volenti
 Arbitrio pacemve Europæ destinat almam.

At, ne dira meam capiant oblivia mentem
 Numinis æterni, cum terrâ fœdera pontus
 Aspera conjungens, supero simul æthere tellus,
 Undarumve minis motarum, altove fragore
 Fulminis, incutiat mihi dextræ vindicis atros
 Terrores! Equidem, donec terrasque virentes
 Siderei que chori decus aspectare licebit,
 Divinum instituam mea Numen corda vereri.

Semper et accingar, pacem sive horrida bella,
 Annonamve dabis tenuem messesve secundas,
 Splendores celebrare tuos. Tu, maxime, solus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est arcûs celerisque sagittæ,
 Gaudia victorum das nobis: Tuque sub umbrâ
 Pampineâ (languescit enim te pulsa jubente
 Vineâ purpureisve viget decorata racemis)
 Efficis, ut festo fallamus tempora cantu.
 Te solo arma decus retulerunt auspice nostra,
 Imperiumque potens arctorum sustinet ANNA.

Ac mihi, sole recens orto lætoque profundum
 Scandere in ætherium, simul ortam surgere mentem
 Instrue, ut Auroræ sanctis nova lumina semper
 Inducam precibus, te dicens laude canorâ,
 Cum sole usque mei crescant crescente labores,
 Dum tandem in purum toti vertantur amorem;
 Neve tamen sera hunc tam sacrum vespera cultum
 Comprimat, immensum quin progrediatur in orbem.

THE WATER LILY.

BURDEN'D with a cureless sorrow,
 Came I to the river deep,
 Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
 Seeking but a place to weep ;
 Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
 Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
 Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
 Till I sicken'd at the view.
 Then I left the sunshine golden
 For the gloomy willow-shade,
 Desolate and un beholden,
 There my fainting limbs I laid.
 And I saw a Water-Lily
 Resting on its trembling bed,
 On the drifting waters chilly,
 With its petals white outspread.
 Pillow'd there it lay securely,
 Moving with the moving wave,
 Up to heaven gazing purely
 From the river's gloomy grave.
 As I look'd, a burst of glory
 Fell upon the snowy flower,
 And the lesson'd allegory
 Learn'd I in that blessed hour :—

E LILIO FLUVIABILI PATIENTIA DISCITUR.

MÆSTITIA fluvium petii dejectus acerbâ,
 Spe quærens fletûs deficiente locum;
 Aspexi latices pleno fulgore fluentes:
 Solis ridebant luce micantis aquæ.
 At misero lætæ mihi sunt illudere visæ,
 Dum mentem abstulerunt tædia amara meam.*
 Permuto salicum vitato sole latebras
 Et solus jaceo membra profusus humi;
 Hic per aquæ gelidam dispansis floribus undam
 Quæsierant tremulos Lilia cana toros.
 Illa sopor, moto quanquam mota ipsa fluento,
 Obtinet irruptus: nec metus ullus adest:
 Riparum quasi funestâ caligine cinctus
 Vertitur ad cœli lumina quisque calix.
 En! subito flores cœlesti luce refulgent,
 Et gravia ediderunt tum documenta mihi.
 Per fluctus, dixi, vitæ gelidasque procellas
 Sic divina animum pervehit usque Fides:
 Hæc, quamvis tumeant horrendis æstibus undæ
 Et tenebræ constant undique, recta manet:
 Fluctibus acta ratis tamen haud immergitur unquam;
 Exoriturque animus purior inde salo.

* Cf. Virg. Ecl.,—"ut me malus abstulit error."

Thus does Faith divine, indwelling,
Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling,
Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus, aye looking up to Heaven,
Should the white and calm soul be,
Gladden in the sunshine given,
Nor from the clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turn'd, my weak heart strengthened,
Patiently to bear my woe ;
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart beseeching,
Charm'd away the sense of pain ;
So the Lily's silent teaching
Was not given to me in vain.

Lilia sic placidas imitari candida mentes
Et cœli cum spe surgere ad astra decet :
Sic lætæ cœlo debent gaudere sereno :
Nec timido sævum corde pavere mare ;
Hinc mihi ceperunt firmum præcordia robur,
Et patiens didici ferre doloris onus ;
Oravique Deum tandem ut patientia questu
Auctus deposito ferret adaucta mali.
Ecce ! preces sensum mihi surripuere doloris,
Exemplum tacitus flos nec inane dedit.

CHORUS IN THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES,

LINE 100 TO 153.

TURNED INTO LATIN ALCAICS. *

O semper almâ luce micans jubar,
 Quam, quam beato lumine tunc diem
 Thebis adornasti vetustis,
 Quum, speculo radians aquoso

Dirces, repulsum præcipiti fugâ
 Vertisti ad arces Argolicas ducem,
 Qui nuper armis totus ardens
 Et clypeo aspiciendus albo

Urbem insolentes ausit in hanc minas.
 Hac arte fretus filius Œdipi,
 Et jure conficto superbus,
 More aquilæ super alta terræ

Alâ nivosâ vectus in æthera
 Circum volavit, culmina turrium
 Telisque et horrendis catervis
 Æqua solo cito se (nefandum !)

* *Note.*—In translating this Chorus, I have adopted throughout the commonly received views of readings and translations, in opposition to my own, which coincide, in the main, with those given by Dr. Donaldson in his edition of the *Antigone*.

Stridens daturum. Sanguinis ah ! siti
 Cognati adactus, lumine mœnium
 Perlegit infixo coronam,
 Perniciem meditans et ignes.

Sic dira circum Mars strepuit, modos
 Pugnae draconi terribiles parans
 Thebano : at ex altis Deorum
 Sedibus inspicens loquelas

Linguae superbas Jupiter impiae
 Irrisit, annemque agminis aureum
 Exosus Argivi, furoris
 Spicula fulminei profudit.

Jam transeuntem culmina mœnium
 Excelsa et insano impete fervidum,
 Vocesque viatrices cientem
 Fulmen humum Capanea in altam

Flammâ retorsit vindice, et irritos
 Intemperatae mentis in exitus
 Dejecit ardores. Tremendo,
 At vario cecidere Marte

Omnes, superbis qui decori duces
 Argis fuerunt. Namque Jovi suas
 Septem viri nostro fugaces
 Tradiderunt domiti catervas,

Portâ locatus quisque suâ, viri
Commissus æquis viribus unius.
Sed triste par, uno parente
Progeniti, exitium nefandis

Hastis tulerunt alter in alterum,
Ambosque in Orcum sors eadem rapit.
Thebis at O ! victricia arma
Lætitiâ retulere gratam :

Ergo juvet nunc pellerè bellicos
Longè timores, atque hilari choro
Delubra per noctes Deorum,
Te duce, Bacche potens, adire.

APPENDIX.

As the circulation of this work will probably be confined to Teachers and advanced Scholars, it has been deemed advisable, in compliance with the suggestion of some literary friends, to insert the poetical passages selected for the "Exercitationes Iambicæ," together with the Author's Translations of them, as originally published in the Key to that work.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO VI.*

THE SUN, awakening, through the smoky air
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
 Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance :
 Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
 Searing the prowling robber to his den ;
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
 And warning student pale to leave his pen,
 And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O ! what scenes of woe,
 Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !
 The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream :
 The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and gaol,
 The lovelorn wretch starts from tormenting dream :
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble
 wail.

* This passage corresponds to the 1st and 2d Exercises.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,

CANTO VI., STANZA 29.*

WITH naked feet and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go ;
 The standers-by might hear uneath
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath.
 Through all their lengthened row ;
 No lordly look nor martial stride,
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
 Forgotten their renown :
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
 To the high altar's hallowed side,
 And there they knelt them down :
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave ;
 Beneath the lettered stones were laid
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;
 From many a garnished niche around,
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

 And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular,
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,
 The holy fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came ;
 Taper and host, and book they bare,
 And holy banner flourished fair
 With the Redeemer's name.

* Comprising the 3d, 4th, and 5th Exercises.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band
 The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
 And blessed them as they kneeled :
 With holy cross he signed them all,
 And prayed they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;
 And bells tolled out their mighty peal
 For the departed spirit's weal ;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose :
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burden of the song :—
 “ Dies iræ, dies illa,
 Solvat seclum in favillâ ;”
 While the pealing organ rung :
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain,
 Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

Hymn for the Dead.

“ That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

 “ When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll :
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

“ O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou the trembling sinner’s stay,
 Though Heaven and Earth shall pass away ! ”

THE SLAVE’S DREAM.*

By LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand :
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
 The lordly Niger flowed ;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
 Once more a king he strode—
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain road.

He saw, once more, his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand ;
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand !
 A tear burst from the sleeper’s lids,
 And fell into the sand.

* Comprising the 6th, 7th, and 8th Exercises.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the river's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains ;
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his courser's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn to night he followed their flight
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyæna scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it pass'd, like some glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream !

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the blast of the desert cried aloud
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep, and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For death had illumined the land of sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

ODE TO RUIN.*

BY BURNS.

ALL hail ! inexorable Lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain—
 A sullen welcome all !
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut *my dearest tie*,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread,
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.

And Thou, grim Power, by life abhorred,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 O ! hear a wretch's prayer ;
 No more I shrink appalled, afraid,—
 I court, I beg, thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul in silent peace
 Resign life's joyless day ;
 My weary heart its throbbing cease,
 Cold, mould'ring in the clay ?—

* Comprising the 9th and 10th Exercises.

No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face ;
 Enclaspèd, and graspèd
 Within thy cold embrace ?

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,

CANTO V.*

CALL it not vain ! They do not err,
 Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks in deeper groan reply.
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.
 Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things inanimate can mourn :
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the Poet's faithful song,

* Comprising the 11th, 12th, and 13th Exercises.

Is it when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?

Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?

They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,

Thou art where music melts upon the air,

Thou art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth, and thou art there !

Thou art where friend meets friend,

Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;

Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend

The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest !

Leaves have their time, &c.

πρόσσοδον δ' ἐτείαν ὀρέων τὴν ἐν Διέρει,
 στάχυσι δ' ὀπώρας χυυσεῖσι λαμπροῦς γύας;
 τὴν σὴν δ' ἄφιξιν τίς προμηνύσειεν ἄν;
 ἄρ' οὔν ὅταν γε ψιθυρὰ πρῶτον ἐκλέγῃ
 ἀήματ' ἥρος νεογενεῦς Ἴων τόπον,
 ἢ χῶταν ὠχρὰ λιγγάνη ῥόδων φορὰ;
 ὦρα μί' αὐτοῖς γ' ἐνθάνειν—πᾶσαι βροτοῖς.
 Σὺ γ' ἐμειπτεῖς κυμάτων λευκοῦς ἀφροῦς,
 ὅπου δὲ μολπῶν εἰσιν ἔμπλαι πνοαί,
 ἀνδράς δ' ἐς οἴκους ἡσύχους ἔρχει μέτα,
 ἔζω δὲ καὶ ξελοῦσιν ἐμπίπτεις ἴσως.
 φίλος δ' ὅποι ξυνῆλθεν ἐς ταῦτον φίλῳ,
 πτελέας ὅφ' ἡσύχαισι κείμενος σχιαῖς,
 ὅπου δὲ καὶ σάλπιγγιν ὀξείαις μάχην
 πολέμιος αὐδᾷ πολεμίῳ, ξίφῃ δ' ἀμᾶ
 λόφους ἀφειδῇ βασιλέων, βαίνειν φίλῳ.
 ὦρα γάρ ἐστι πτώσεως εἰμαρμένη
 φύλλοισιν, οὐδ' ἄωρα βορρᾷαις φθίνει
 ῥιπαῖσιν ἀνθῇ, καίριαι δ' ἄστροις δύσεις,
 σοὶ δ' ὦ μέτεστι Δάνατε παντοίων χρόνων.

DEATH.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !
 Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad gatherings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
 But *all* for thee, thou mightiest of the earth !
 The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine !
 Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.
 Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

 We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

* Comprising the 16th and 17th Exercises.

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
 Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
 They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die!
 Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air,
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth, and thou art there!
 Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest!
 Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Note.—The 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st Exercises, are taken from
 Horace's Epistles, i. 2.

SCENE FROM RICHARD THE III.*

SHAKSPERE.

GLO'STER *loquitur*.

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree and your condition.
 For, not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded

* Comprising the 22d and 23d Exercises.

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me :—
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So seasoned with your faithful love to me—
 Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
 Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first,
 And then in speaking not incur the last,
 Definitively thus I answer you :
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path lay even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
 Yet, so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 (Being a bark to brook no mighty sea),
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smothered !
 But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need :
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

THE AMERICAN FOREST-GIRL.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum

On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—
“Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come!”

So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,

A youth, a fair-haired youth of England, stood
Like a king's son; though from his cheek had flown

The mantling crimson of the Island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright,
And high around him, blazed the fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face: but who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,

Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought
Of his far home, then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,

Rose clear as day! And he might see the band
Of his young sisters, wandering hand in hand,
Where the laburnum drooped; or haply binding
The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,
Where sat their mother; and that mother's face,

* Comprising the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th Exercises.

Its grave, sweet smile, yet wearing in the place
 Where so it ever smiled ! Perchance the prayer
 Learned at her knee came back on his despair ;
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone
 Of her “ Goodnight,” might breathe from boyhood gone !
 He started, and looked up. Thick cypress boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o’er him, darkly red,
 In the broad, stormy fire-light ; savage brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild hues o’erspread,
 Girt him, like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
 Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
 Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom :

“ Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
 That happy hall in England !—Idle fear !
 Would the winds tell it ? Who might dream or hear
 The secret of the forests ? ” To the stake

They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
 His father’s spirit in his breast to wake,

Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
 Of many hearts !—the fondly-reared, the fair,
 Gladdening all eyes to see ! and fettered there
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain’s hand.
 He thought upon his God :—Hush ! hark ! a cry
 Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity ;—
 A step hath pierced the ring ! Who dares intrude
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?
 A girl—a young, slight girl—a fawn-like child
 Of green savannahs and the leafy wild,
 Springing, unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;

Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
For hers had mourned a playmate brother dead.
She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms, to shield it, wound
Like close liannes ; then raised her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice, that said—" He shall not die !" "
" He shall not die !" The gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were stilled,
Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed ; their dark souls bowed before the maid,
Her of the dancing step in wood and glade !
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
Something of Heaven, in silence felt and seen ;
And seeming to their child-like faith a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.
They loosed the bonds that held the captive's breath,
From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree—
" Away !" they cried, " young stranger!—thou art free !"

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
 By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
 The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
 That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
 A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
 And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst, aloud,
 From cottage roofs the warbling blue bird sings;
 And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
 Sounds from the thrashing-floor the busy flail.

O! what a glory doth this world put on
 For him, who with a fervent heart goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
 On duties well performed, and days well spent!
 For him the wind—ay, and the yellow leaves—
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings:
 He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
 Has lifted up for all, and he shall go
 To his long resting-place without a tear.

KING JOHN, ACT III. SCENE 4.*

SHAKSPERE.

Pandulphus. Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.

Constantia. Thou art not holy, to belie me so.

I am not mad: This hair I tear is mine;
 My name is Constance—I was Geoffrey's wife—
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
 I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself—
 O! if I could, what grief should I forget!—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal:
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be delivered of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;
 Or, madly think a babe of clouts were he!
 I am not mad—too well, too well I feel,
 The different plagues of each calamity.

* * * *

King Philip. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will;—and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
 “O! that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty!”
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,

* Comprising the 31st, 32d, and 33d Exercises.

Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker-sorrow eat this bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;—
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of Heaven,
 I shall not know him ; therefore, never, never,
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more !

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

King Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare-you-well !—Had you such a loss as I,
 I could give you better comfort than you do.
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

(tearing off head-dress)

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.*

BY LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight :

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlour-wall :

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the road-side fell and perish'd,
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more !

* Comprising the 34th and 35th Exercises.

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nestor. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agememnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men ; the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk !
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon ! behold
 The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse : Where 's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
 Co-rivalled greatness ? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune : for in her ray and brightness
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, and flies
 Get under shade, why then the thing of courage,
 As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.



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